THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, *$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States, and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra.* REMITTANCES *should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.* ADVERTISING RATES *furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to*

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 634. NOVEMBER 16, 1912. *Vol. LIII.*

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OUR SPIRITUAL HEALTH.

Is our culture in a bad way? Are the ideals upon which the soul is fed growing less urgent in their appeal to the modern man? Do we face the prospect of a spiritual decline comparable to that which darkened the world when the ancient civilizations decayed, and mankind groped for centuries to rediscover the light that was lost? These are the questions raised by Dr. E. B. Andrews in "The International Journal of Ethics," where he discusses "The Decline of Culture" in a spirit which many will think unduly pessimistic, but with a degree of earnestness which is deeply impressive. His diagnosis of our case does not indicate the menace of any barbarian invasion threatening to overwhelm our civilization, but rather places stress upon the internal causes that seem already to have gone far toward the undermining of our spiritual health. The culture which seems to him to be visibly declining is defined as "the appreciation, not contemplative alone but active and efficient, of the non-economic values." Its content is enlightenment, breadth, open-mindedness, chivalry, honor, generosity, magnanimity, justice, gentleness, devotion to principle, the courage of one's convictions, power to sustain, without courting it, loneliness, resisting popular clamors and mob movements, whether plebeian or patrician." It will be observed that this analysis has chiefly in mind the ethical rather than the æsthetic aspect of culture. But even those of us who have framed our faith in accordance with the teachings of the most persuasive of the apostles of culture in our own day must remember his insistence upon the proposition that conduct is three-fourths of life.

At first discussing the subject on some of its more general aspects, Dr. Andrews speaks of the prevailing modern tendency to shape thought and action into uniform moulds. The deadening influences of fashion, of what Huxley called regimentation, of industrialism, bureaucracy, and centralization, are everywhere made manifest. "Science enables us to multiply infinitely all the things we invent and to throw them upon the market with cheapening profusion." "Let shallow people laugh at New England provincialism and berate the South for being solid. The wise rejoice that so much local apartness sur-

vives." "Centralization annuls not only the baneful and narrow in particularism but, worse still, its sap and vigor." Its steam-roller "flattens individuals into specimens." Where in such a world can character, originality, the will to strike into new paths, get foothold? "It is doubtful whether what might be called the scientific mind is holding its own. Superstition not unlike belief in ghosts is still wide-spread and rank." "There is wide remission of enthusiasm for humanity. Few think it articulately; fewer avow it." If we have done something to check the crimes of violence, "the crimes of cunning, secret vices, tricks, however immoral and cruel, that can be worked in accordance with law, and especially offences against personal purity, are everywhere on the increase." The enumeration of morbid conditions in our social pathology is considerably more extended than the above array of quotations would indicate, and they are matter for much self-searching.

More specifically, "the culture pyæmia in American society may be traced, in the main, to four great plexuses of influences: one, the country's astounding growth in wealth; a second, the spread of communistic socialism; a third, bad theory and practice in education; and a fourth, depressing views of the world, life, and man." The dominance of the American ideal by the money-making spirit is so pronounced that it everywhere overshadows the higher values of life and the nobler objects of ambition. Success is judged by the test of the dollar, and the man who refuses to recognize the validity of this test is viewed askance as a freakish and abnormal person. The schools and the churches, the theatres and the concert-halls, must be made to "pay"; if they do not "pay," they are discredited. "Wealth-gaining is an obtrusive, all-engrossing phenomenon, overshadowing all else,— massive, ubiquitous, obstreperous, never out of sight or out of mind." If culture is an "appreciation of the non-economic values," it has small chance of growth in such an environment.

Socialism, which is everywhere gaining upon us, makes no attempt to conceal its levelling purpose. It is "a crusade against the highlands of men's life in the supposed interest of the bog." It is essentially a gospel of materialism, and its root appeal is to greed, however that term be disguised under such high-sounding names as justice and brotherhood. It would "build forth the social body utterly without regard to heterogeneity, allowing no place for the genius, the artist, the dreamer, the mugwump, the rebel. The church in its worst days never meditated rendering life so insipid." Coming to the third count of our critic's indictment, one of the chief foes of culture is education, which should be its agent and minister, but which instead, in its current tendencies, can see nothing for a school to do more important than preparing its victims for the task of earning their livings. "Pestilential," says Dr. Andrews,— and the word is not too strong— "is the cry for shorter courses, that young people may begin work earlier in life, earn more, and be surer of large families. There is no fear that our population will be too small, but much that it will be too mean." Rigid administrative systems and the preference given to utilitarian studies are draining our schools and colleges of their spiritual life, and making them factories of automata rather than institutions for the higher development of human faculty. How can a student whose education has been thus directed to narrow practical ends speak of his school as alma mater, with any sense of the significance of that beautiful expression?

Last of his four specific causes for the decline of culture, Dr. Andrews names the philosophy of naturalism, which makes a mechanical interpretation of the doctrine of evolution, discerning no purpose at work in the universe, and finds in the teachings of Nietzsche its logical outcome. "Naturalism can give no reason why any sentiment, impulse, or conviction which in any manner is of advantage to the race should be preferred to any other impulse or conviction as more worthy of consideration or obedience." "If naturalism is the truth, morality is but a haphazard catalogue of prudential regulations; beauty is unsubstantial and accidental, not eternal; and even reason is nothing else but a habit by which our thoughts chance to take one course rather than another." To our thinking, the chief manifestation of declining culture is found in the very general prevalence of a spirit of indifferentism, of a moral apathy which leads men to think that nothing really matters unless it affects their own personal interests. This spirit can contemplate the social and political issues of our own time, or the similar issues recorded in the pages of history, with hardly any other emotion than curiosity; the reactions of enthusiasm and indignation are unknown to it; it does not really care whether a nation (even our own) keeps or violates its plighted faith with others, whether a Finland or a Persia is strangled by the brutal oppressor, whether a German Empire ruthlessly despoils its French and Danish neighbors. People ought to care for such things

as these more than for their daily bread, and a culture which can regard them with indifference, perhaps even with cynicism, is in perilous need of a physician.

Although our author takes anything but a cheerful view of the present, he is not without hopes for the future, believing that "the sources of culture gush perennially."

"In what quarter of the heavens dawn will first show, it were rash to predict. Socialism will run a long course, so will perverse education. There are happy signs that wealth-seekers are beginning to distinguish between wealth as a means and wealth as an end. Hardest to reform will doubtless be man's faith. Perhaps another Messiah will have to be awaited. Meantime, every child of the day may do somewhat to widen the skirts of light. As Emerson exhorts: 'Bend to the persuasion which is flowing to you from every highest prompting of human nature to be its tongue to the heart of man and to show the besotted world how passing fair is wisdom.'"

THE RETURN OF THE GODS.

There is no more remarkable occurrence in the vicissitudes of human thought than the birth, the rise to power as a State religion, and the final expulsion of Buddhism from India. Before it came the gods of the Vedas reigned, sacrifice was offered them, the sacred hearth-fire was kept perpetually lighted, caste was rigidly guarded, the twice-born were regularly initiated and endued with the symbolic cord. Buddhism, while not a proselytizing or persecuting doctrine, swept away all these things within its limits. It was an agnosticism. It said that the gods were unknowable and that the soul did not exist. Buddhism could not shake off that central idea of Hindoo thought—transmigration. But it transferred it from the soul to the character,—Karma. The sum of a man's good and bad qualities went on living endlessly until the former extinguished the latter, when Nirvana was attained. How character could persist on through innumerable rebirths without being attached to a personality, is the difficult point of the doctrine. Beautiful and noble as Buddhism was in its ethics, its charity, and its democracy, it killed hope in the heart and imagination in the mind. Humanity, Aryan humanity at least, could not stand it. After eight or ten centuries of growth and domination, it dwindled and practically disappeared from the land of its birth. The gods of the Vedas, new-incarnated, came back; the hearth-fire burned again, and caste was renewed. And a great system of Vedanta philosophy, of which Sankara Acharya was the leading exponent, arose to justify the change. Of course, with the return of the gods and the belief in immortality, came back the demons and the punishments of hell. But the change was worth the cost. This new-old religion and philosophy gave man back his soul.

In a smaller way, perhaps, it looks as if something of this kind was about to happen in Europe and America. For fifty years or more the Gorgon head of Evolution has turned the heart and soul of man to stone. Caught in a mechanical determinism, mankind has lost its freedom — the fluidity which before yielded to all impulses of religion, poetry, and art. If it tried to escape in philosophy, it found that philosophy was fixed in an iron system of concepts which opened only on nescience and nihilism.

Recently the world has become aware of two great thinkers, Eucken in Germany and Bergson in France, who have certainly given a new movement to thought, and who may possibly herald a new era. To a large extent their philosophies run parallel. But Eucken's tends more in the direction of religion, Bergson's more towards an underlying metaphysic. The latter seems to be the more thorough, and, if it can be established, ought to prove the more liberating of the two.

Bergson's thought, intensely difficult as it is to grasp in its full development, is yet simple in its leading principles. As Darwinism became summed up in a few phrases, "natural selection," "the survival of the fittest," "the descent of man," by which the man in the street gained a not inadequate idea of the theory, so Bergsonism is concentrated in a few words or phrases, such as "intuition," "the *élan vital*," "duration," and "becoming," which fly from mouth to mouth and are easily understood. The philosophy is a crusade against both intellectualism and naturalism. It puts aside, or makes secondary, the processes of deduction and induction, and proposes a new method whose organ is intuition and whose purpose is to place us in immediate contact with life—with the *élan vital*. Movement, becoming, is of the essence of this act; and as time has turned into a spatialized concept, Bergson substitutes duration for it. Creation is original, continuing, and incalculable.

It may be interesting to trace a little the genesis of this new philosophy. Again there is a reminder of Darwinism. As Lamarck, St. Hilaire, Goethe, the elder Darwin, and Tennyson put forth Darwinian ideas before the theory was formulated, so Bergsonism has been in the air for a long time. The first anticipatory statement, as far as I know, of Bergson's method is in the opening pages of Poe's "Eureka." It is very thoroughgoing, and consists of a denunciation of the rival methods of deduction and induction in their boastful claims to be the sole roads to truth, and the suggestion of a third process, intuition, as a short cut across the fields. Poe's weighty and acutely reasoned pages are marked with a show of burlesque and persiflage which has perhaps kept the philosophic thought in them from being recognized. Here is a sentence describing the effort to attain intuition, which might almost have leaped out of one of Bergson's books: "It seems to me that we require something like a mental gyration on the heel. We need so rapid a revolution of all things about the point of sight, that while the minutiæ vanish altogether, even the more conspicuous objects blend into one." But Poe was a poet, and thought

in images, so he turned from the metaphysical development of his method and attacked the problem of the universe from the physical side. Cardinal Newman's "illative sense," the faculty which recognizes propositions before they are stated and resolves problems without logic, is only intuition under another name. Schopenhauer's Will, under some of its aspects, resembles intuition, and his constant preoccupation all his life with the problem of genius shows a bent towards an intuitional doctrine. Nietzsche's valuable illumination of the Greek Dionysian myth is a step in the same direction. Von Hartmann's "Philosophy of the Unconscious" is a genuine basis for the new method. It has not escaped attention, of course, that Bergson is expounding and expanding the doctrine of Heraclitus,—he who said "you cannot go down into the same river twice,"—the prophet of Becoming. There are points of contact with Plotinus and with the Vedanta philosophers of India. But Bergson has not only gathered up all these threads of thoughts,—he has supplied a vast deal more. He has made the theory his own as much as Darwin made his, and what is better he has exhibited it with so much grace of style and richness of illustration that the general reader may be tempted for once to say with Milton,

> "How charming is divine philosophy,
> Not harsh and rugged as dull fools suppose,
> But a perpetual feast of nectared sweets
> Where no crude surfeit reigns."

But is Bergson's philosophy true? In the vernacular, "will it wash"? Well, the critics have already begun their work on it. Like most systems, it is a strong fortress hanging in air. If we can only win to it we shall be safe. But it requires a leap. It requires as strong an act of faith as Kant calls for after he had broken down the bridge between the phenomenal and the noumenal. Yet it is unquestionably true that life is more than mind, more than the concepts of that mind, more than the language in which those concepts are couched. We ought to be able to place ourselves in immediate contact with the eternal duration, the continuing creation, the *élan vital*. But the trouble is, if we do so we have no means of communicating the fact to others. Intelligible communication can only take effect by means of concepts and language. We might each one of us become isolated like a Dancing Dervish in our own ecstasy. Perhaps if we transcend sensations, concepts, the unit of apperception, the final self, we may not even know we are in ecstasy.

But in spite of Bergson's very effective criticism of intellectualism and naturalism, he does not really want to prorogue or abolish those ever hostile but still confederated powers of existence. He simply wants to introduce a third force which will vitalize them. Every religious enthusiast, every poet, every artist knows that this force—call it intuition, inspiration, or intoxication—is the thing that he must rely on for the best that he can do. It is the something not himself, which, after he has labored and struggled and assembled his materials, comes in a flash as it were and makes his work valuable. The minds of poets have more than any others been the paths for this unearthly influence. The "divine phrensy," the "divine fire," have always been terms applied to these seizures. The Greeks in their Dionysian myth tried to give a wider effect to this power by a cult of intoxication.

The chief value of the Bergsonian philosophy seems to me to be the liberating of the human mind in this direction. It is a justification of religion, poetry, art, all the imaginative and emotional products of our nature. These have been in danger of being killed off by the general acceptance of mechanical naturalism. If, as in India, the gods come back, they will bring with them all the fresh warm feelings and great imaginations from which spring poetry and the arts. There will be

> "One common wave of hope and joy
> Lifting mankind again."

In speaking above of Poe's contribution to the new method of knowledge, I have used the phrase "a short cut across the fields." In a great measure that is what Bergson's philosophy really is. He invites us to leave the too stony, dusty roads of intellectualism and naturalism and follow him across country. The grass is springy beneath us, flowers bloom around, the air is fresh and sweet, we come into the shade of trees and seat ourselves by living fountains. It is a delightful adventure. Perhaps our short cut will not lead us to the City of Truth, but certainly neither of the two great highways which mankind has tramped for so many centuries seems to have done that. We cannot be worse off than we were, and we may gain much delight by the way. Perhaps if we can keep in sight of the old routes we may combine all their advantages at once.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A LIBRARY MOVEMENT IN BARODA which promises to quicken the hitherto sluggish library activity of all India starts with the formation of a Baroda Library Club (twenty-five charter members) and the establishing of a "Library Miscellany," or quarterly periodical devoted to public-library interests in Baroda and in India generally. Mr. J. S. Kudalkar, editor of the magazine, was called from America two years ago by the Maharaja Gaikwad, pioneer of the modern library movement in India, to do for that country, as far as possible, what has already been done for this in the founding of free libraries for the people. The first number of the "Miscellany" has reached us, and proves to be a highly interesting and enterprising publication, its three sections (English, Gujarati, and Marathi) being devoted to library matters both domestic and foreign, especially to the bibliothecal renaissance—or perhaps *naissance* would be the better term—now receiving attention and encouragement in India. An elaborate "Scheme

of Classification for Sanskrit Libraries" is given, in which the grand divisions of literature are designated by vowels, gutterals, palatals, cerebrals, dentals, semivowels, and sibilants, including the aspirate. This may remind one of the new classification adopted by our Library of Congress, a classification in which the letters of the alphabet play the chief *rôle*, with numbers as subordinates. Not all classifiers, it is evident, see literature in decimally-divided sections. The best wishes of American library workers go out to Mr. Kudalkar, to the Maharaja Gaikwad who is supporting him, and to all other participants in the movement to place books in the hands of the toiling millions of India.

* * *

THE POET'S EMOTIONS IN THE FACE OF IMPENDING DEATH ought not to be unworthy of record when that poet happens to be one of the greatest of his time, if not of all time. In Mr. Edmund Gosse's reminiscent article, "Swinburne at Etretat," in the October "Cornhill," he relates the poet's bathing adventure that nearly cost him his life, in the late summer of 1868. The timely appearance of a fishing smack on the scene prevented the premature silencing of the voice that was presently to entrance the world (or some part of it) with the "Songs before Sunrise." "I asked him," writes Mr. Gosse, "what he thought about in that dreadful contingency, and he replied that he had no experience of what people often profess to witness, the concentrated panorama of past life hurrying across the memory. He did not reflect on the past at all. He was filled with annoyance that he had not finished his 'Songs before Sunrise,' and then with satisfaction that so much of it was ready for the press, and that Mazzini would be pleased with him. And then he continued: 'I reflected with resignation that I was exactly the same age as Shelley was when he was drowned.' (This, however, was not the case; Swinburne had reached that age in March, 1867; but this was part of a curious delusion of Swinburne's that he was younger by two or three years than his real age.) Then, when he began to be, I suppose, a little benumbed by the water, his thoughts fixed on the clothes he had left on the beach, and he worried his clouded brain about some unfinished verses in the pocket of his coat." So here again we have an instance of the failure of an actor in a real-life drama to rise to the dramatic possibilities of his part. They do these things better in fiction.

* * *

A SUMPTUOUS BOOK CATALOGUE, which collectors will undoubtedly preserve for its own sake, quite apart from the interest of the items which it records, is that of "two hundred extraordinarily important books, manuscripts, and autograph letters" offered for sale by Messrs. Pearson of London. It is a beautifully-printed quarto, whose many illustrations, facsimiles, and detailed descriptions, increase one's desire to see and handle and own some of the literary curiosities enumerated. For mere costliness, the first place in the collection is held by the copy of the "Antiphonary" supposed to have been presented by Francis I. to Henry VIII. on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It is a splendid manuscript with beautiful miniatures attributed to Fra Benedetto, and is encased in what "is believed to be the finest Renaissance binding in the world," the work of Roffet. It is yours for three thousand pounds sterling. A more modest appeal is made by Lamb's "John Woodvil: A Tragedy," first edition, original boards, uncut, and offered at sixty-three pounds. Especial curiosity is excited by the description of a letter from Lady Hamilton to George IV. (then Prince of Wales) after Trafalgar, with a lock of Nelson's hair. Letter and hair await purchase at six hundred pounds. The Burbage portrait of Shakespeare, "in its original pure and untouched state," is ready to be hung over your study table as soon as you choose to send Mr. Pearson the six hundred and fifty pounds named as the price. But if you haven't that amount at hand just now, perhaps a copy of La Fontaine's "Fables Choisies," first edition, quarto, with numerous vignettes by Chauveau, bound in red morocco, and costing only seventy-five pounds, would better agree with the state of your bank account.

* * *

STEVENSON'S CONCEPTION OF REALISM is illustrated by a passage in an overlooked Vailima letter recently discovered by Sir Sidney Colvin while he was overhauling his desks and cabinets in preparation for a change of residence. This letter and other Stevensoniana unearthed at the same time form the subject of an article from the discoverer's pen in the November "Scribner." After referring to certain vexatious delays in the making of the final draft of "David Balfour," Stevenson writes: "At the same time, though I love my Davy, I am a little anxious to get on again on *The Young Chevalier*. I have in nearly all my works been trying one racket: to get out the facts of life as clean and naked and sharp as I could manage it. In this other book I want to try and megilp them altogether in an atmosphere of sentiment, and I wonder whether twenty-five years of life spent in trying this one will not make it impossible for me to succeed in the other. However, it is the only way to attempt a love story. You can't tell any of the facts, and the only chance is to paint an atmosphere." And yet who would ever think of going to Stevenson's romances (those in which he had been "trying one racket") for the facts of life, "clean and naked and sharp"?

* * *

A PROPOSED LIBRARY OF PECULIAR CHARACTER forms the subject of a recent interesting newspaper communication from Leipzig. Everyone familiar with that centre of German book-publishing knows about the Book-Industry Museum, with its Gutenberg statue in front, and, inside, its collection of examples of printing in different ages, and its illus-

trations of all the various processes connected with the making of books. But this museum, famous and well worth visiting though it is, does not satisfy the booksellers and the printers and publishers of Leipzig, who apparently desire a more modernly-equipped institution to signalize the triumphs of present-day book-manufacture in Germany. Therefore they have urged, with success, the founding of a library that shall contain a copy of every printed work of German make from the first day of January, 1913, onward. The city has granted land for the new building, which will be a costly structure — but exactly how it is to be paid for does not appear — and the expense of maintenance will be defrayed by the kingdom of Saxony and the city of Leipzig. The public use of so exclusively modern a library will be small at first, but with the lapse of time this rawness of youth will give place to mellowness and maturity; and one need not be a great prophet to predict a comparatively early congestion of its shelves, so rapid is the present rate of book-publication in Germany, as elsewhere. Even the Royal Library at Berlin, with its fourteen hundred thousand volumes, is likely to be outstripped, in this matter of size of book-collection, before many years.

* * *

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF LOAFING, especially to students, writers, and literary workers generally, must be urged now and then, even at the risk of encouraging laziness in those constitutionally addicted to unemployment. Stevenson has said a good word on the fruitfulness of occasional idling, and Mark Twain's biographer has described that great writer's method of wooing the creative mood by waiting, in masterly inactivity, for the "inspiration tank" to fill up. The annual vacation season is now past, but it is not an unseasonable thing to lay plans for the summer that is coming. "Public Libraries" publishes, and also reprints as a special leaflet, Mr. Adam Strohm's Ottawa address on "Efficiency of the Library Staff and Scientific Management," in which, among other wise counsels, the granting of a generous annual vacation (of at least a month) to the library worker is eloquently urged — "not so much because a faithful servant has earned a rest, but because without it life means living at a low level, with the certain result of deadening one's faculties, ambition and alertness, whereas these should all grow with one's experience and work." Dr. Luther H. Gulick is quoted as asserting that "growth is predominantly a function of rest," and that "the best work that most of us do is not in our office or at our desks, but when we are wandering in the woods, or sitting quietly with undirected thoughts."

* * *

A ROSEATE VIEW OF TURKEY arrests the attention just now in the opening chapter of that deservedly popular book (recently translated from the German into the mother-tongue of its author), "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. Houston Stewart Chamberlain. On page six of volume one he says: "While these lines are being written [1897], the civilised world is clamorously indignant with Turkey; the European Powers are being compelled by the voice of public opinion to intervene for the protection of the Armenians and Cretans; the final destruction of the Turkish power seems now only a question of time. This is certainly justified; it was bound to come; nevertheless it is a fact that Turkey is the last little corner of Europe in which a whole people lives in undisturbed prosperity and happiness. It knows nothing of social questions, of the bitter struggle for existence, and other such things; great fortunes are unknown and pauperism is literally non-existent; all form a single harmonious family, and no one strives after wealth at the expense of his neighbor. I am not simply repeating what I have read in newspapers and books, I am testifying to what I have seen with my own eyes." And it is this peaceful Arcadia, this perfect Utopia, that now resounds with the clash of arms and the roar of artillery.

* * *

HIGH QUOTATIONS ON A YOUNG AUTHOR'S FIRST EDITIONS must send sensory waves of an agreeable warmth through the cardiac regions of that author. It is reported from London that certain early works of Mr. Kipling (who will not be displeased, we hope, if we consider him still young in years, as he undeniably is in spirit) were recently sold at Sotheby's for $245 (in terms of American money) at the same time that Mr. Thomas Hardy's works, in thirty-eight volumes, first editions, brought $210; George Eliot's complete works, also first editions, $270; the voluminous G. P. R. James's, $127.50; and the rollicking Charles Lever's romances, $305. Among high prices for single books is to be noted the handsome figure reached by the original edition of "Alice in Wonderland" with its forty-two Tenniel illustrations. This little nursery classic brought $125, and its first appearance is still pleasurably remembered by those not yet old.

* * *

THE GROWTH OF THE GOETHE MUSEUM AT WEIMAR testifies to the rapidity with which the great poet's works are selling in new editions and new translations, and the steady increase of literature about him and his writings. The Goethe house has long served as a repository for Goethe relics and souvenirs of all sorts, including all the editions of his works and all the books written about him and his works. Consequently it is now found too small for the purposes of a museum of this sort, and an addition is to be built, modelled as closely as possible after the smaller buildings that were unwisely demolished in 1890. They opened on the garden where the poet was wont to take his daily constitutional. Their replacement will illustrate anew the surprising rapidity with which libraries and museums almost invariably outgrow their quarters, however generous the allowance of space may seem to have been in the beginning.

COMMUNICATIONS.

HACKNEYED PHRASES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Subscribers to THE DIAL, if they read no other than that worthy periodical, would scarcely be justified in writing to you for help against the almost universal and monotonously dreary repetition of hackneyed phrases. The more reason that you should use your authority in banishing such banal and senseless terms, if not from the language, at least from the pages of magazines and newspapers pretending to some degree of literary taste. It is possibly going too far to say that whenever a writer makes use of expressions like the following, he will have nothing of intellectual value to give to his reader. He may occasionally prove pleasantly disappointing, but the chances are that his message will be as worn out and dusty as the road of his mind from somewhere to nowhere.

The detritus of language is also the veriest dust and mud of thought, and the ruts and hummocks of both wear more and worse with every tramp footfall. Experience has demonstrated that argument and reproof are wasted upon the reportorial mind and the editors of the Yellows, but could not something be done with the men "higher up"?

From a list of many old sins by a multitude of sinners I now single out only a few illustrations:

"Gathered together." Could there be more foolish and useless tautology? And yet it will be found repeated many times in the pages of every number of most periodicals. Why not vary it with "collected together"? And to make it more ridiculous why not the threefold "gathered and collected together," or, indeed, "gathered and collected together into a collection"? May not the single word "gathered," or "collected" be made to serve?

Worse, if possible, assuredly more certain to pop up, is the trite old "as a matter of fact." Facts and truths are always certain to mean little to the minds of those who make use of such a pompous phrase, and such repetitions and attritions deceive only those who wear them out in the vain attempt to simulate judgment. Let us delete every word of the stodgy simulacrum, and go at once to state what is the matter and the fact.

"Call attention" is another pretender. Better suited to the mental condition of the "caller" would be "bawl." A modest writer would of course say "ask," "invite," "request," etc.

"It is to be hoped." One trusts that there may be an end made of this bit of stuckupishness, and of "met with," both of which one meets in every second page of the popular writer. "All right all right" has got into the theatre, and even illumines the murk of the "writerup."

"Next gentleman!" G. M. G.

Ithaca, New York, November 9, 1912.

A PROPOSED INSTITUTE OF BUSINESS AND AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Readers of THE DIAL will perhaps remember previous articles by the present writer suggesting the establishment of a Bibliographical Institute. The plan was rather an academic one, and concerned chiefly, if not exclusively, with the interests of men of learning. I have gradually, through stages that do not here need to be explained, come to understand that there is another world than that of abstract learning, that needs attention from bibliographers and librarians,— namely, the world of affairs, of industry, of business. The needs of this world are only in part identical with that of the other, its needs are very largely in other directions. What the business man and manufacturer wants is information about facts, not about theories; and facts are not always to be found in books. The following, therefore, is a development of my previous plans, better adapted, as I believe, to the needs of our everyday world.

An Institute is needed for the organization of the collection and imparting of exact and reliable information about facts and ideas. It is important that a means of communication be established between those who seek and those who have to impart special information about new facts and ideas. In order to obtain exact and reliable information on any subject it is necessary to know where such information is to be found, and what sources of information are most reliable. The proposed Institute would first of all collect information about available sources of information; it would prepare a directory of directories, a catalogue of catalogues, a list of addresses of workers and investigators, a guide to special collections of written and printed material, of specimens and models, as well as to the expert special knowledge not yet public property. The Institute would offer its services to organize bibliographical and index work, much of which is now done by isolated agencies and individuals, resulting in duplication and waste without making all the existing knowledge available. It would also undertake research and index work that does not come within the field of any other agency. The Institute would, in a word, be a clearing house of ideas and an organizer of research. Many problems of today, that seem new to us, are really not new at all; we often find in old books and magazines important information about matters and methods that were once in vogue, but are now forgotten, and which might aid in solving problems that have just come to the surface. For instance, farming with dynamite, which now is written up in this country as an entirely new thing, has been practiced in Germany for several years. When a new idea like that of scientific management is presented, or a new discovery made, such as the X-rays, the Institute would collect information in regard to similar ideas of older date, or other discoveries that have led up to the one that at the moment fills the public mind. In the present scarcity of meat a new problem seems to confront the whole world; here it might be the function of the Institute to search for information about earlier or more recent problems of similar character, in order to find out how they were met, or how they solved themselves. Every day someone wants to find out where certain kinds of information may be found; for instance: Where is the most complete collection of statistical material about the resources and business possibilities of South America? Where has the problem of vocational education which just now has been brought before us by Mr. Cooley, been most satisfactorily solved? What is the Raiffeisen system, and can it be adopted in this country? How might the rural free delivery best be utilized as an agency for the progress of the rural population? These and other questions that press forward for solution cannot be answered by an isolated institution, however munificently endowed; the world's knowledge is not collected in one spot, it is scattered all over the world and must be searched for all over the world. The Institute would therefore establish close relations with other institutions of similar nature in other countries, and direct connections with the large libraries, museums, schools, and learned societies and institutions of the world. The proposed Institute would supplement the work of the libraries and museums. The latter collect and preserve the materials of research, catalogue them, and hold them available for investigators. The Institute would go one step further, prepare the material for use, and even indicate its probable value for the purpose of the inquirer. It would act as an intermediary between the investigator and his material.

AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON.

The John Crerar Library, Chicago, Nov. 6, 1912.

The New Books.

Recollections of Louis Napoleon.*

"The late Baron d'Ambès," who figures as the author of these "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.," seems to have been in close touch with Louis Napoleon for the larger part of the latter's life. It is not quite true, as he cries out in a burst of grief at the unfortunate ruler's death, that Louis was "the playmate of his childhood," since they met for the first time in Switzerland in 1833; but the ardent enthusiasm of discipleship which Louis possessed the strange power of exciting seized this young man of twenty and was never cast off entirely, though with the last years he was only the devoted friend and admirer, no longer the blind and confident follower.

Baron d'Ambès helped to organize the attempted revolution from Strassburg in 1836. He was on hand when Louis made an effort to enter France by way of Boulogne, in 1840. He followed his friend on his campaign in Italy, always unofficially, and thought of joining the expedition to China, in 1860, but was restrained by meeting one day, at the turning of a street, "an extraordinary being, yellow, hideous, with a bony face and wicked little eyes." He said to himself: "No, I won't cross the sea to go where such folks live." It is to be feared that his friendship was not worth as much to the Emperor as he himself imagined. While other supporters of the Pretender suffered imprisonment and persecution, he himself seems never to have been in the slightest danger or even to have attracted a great deal of attention. He proudly notes the phrase "Paladin of discretion" which his master applied to him, but there is no evidence that this discretion was ever put to any particularly severe test. To d'Ambès, distrust of the *coup d'état* was indisputable evidence of alliance with "forces of revolt and anarchy"; Victor Emmanuel and Cavour were not patriots, but only "Foxy and Company," scheming to make trouble for France; the Jews were "stinking vermin everyone would exterminate if possible"; Vichy, like China, was a tiresome place where "I shan't come again . . . deeply attached to the Prince as I am"; and Morny was the object of apparently unmixed envy because he "gave himself up madly to love, gambling and drinking." Amiable and witty and often exceedingly shrewd d'Ambès undoubtedly was, but scarcely a "Paladin of discretion." On one occasion when he reproached Louis for not having confided in him, the Emperor replied, "But, my friend, I remembered that you were writing your memoirs."

The first chapter is a labored attempt to prove that Napoleon I. was the father of Napoleon III. The subject is not of a sort that Anglo-Saxons choose to discuss freely; but a review of the evidence shows rather conclusively that Napoleon III. was *not* the son of Louis Bonaparte, though it fails utterly to prove that he *was* the son of the first Napoleon. This discussion is redeemed from idle scandal-mongering by the concluding sentence: "Be this as it may, Napoleon III. is certainly, above all morally, of the race of the great Corsican whose life-work he has striven to emulate, both in his acts and in his aspirations." With all his faults and failures, Louis exercised an influence and accomplished a result that set him immediately below his marvellous uncle, and leagues away from the other irresponsible weaklings who bore the name of Napoleon.

If it be true that youthful inclinations indicate a divine purpose, Louis was providentially intended for a ruler. He himself says that he felt his destiny from the age of seven. He had a hand in political affairs in every country his mother's wanderings dragged him into. In Italy, though he denied it himself later, he must have been a *Carbonaro*. At least his elder brother was, and d'Ambès asserts that the latter's sudden death was due not to the measles, but to the stiletto of a comrade when pressure from his family made him incline to defection. It was this early Italian complication which helped determine the Emperor's half-hearted interference with Austria and Naples,—an interference which made him only enemies, and which played its part in his final downfall.

"My uncle," Louis said to Thierry in 1838, "was Cæsar. I will be Augustus." And when sentenced to perpetual confinement at Ham, he remarked quietly that the word "perpetual" was not in the French language. Entering Paris eight years later, after the outbreak of February, 1848, he passed a barricade, the stones of which some passers-by were restoring to their proper positions in the pavement. "Come, young man," said a woman to the new arrival, "help us put back the paving-stones in place." "My good woman," Louis replied, "that is precisely what I have come to Paris for." His lieutenant is quite as confident. At their first interview in Switzerland, the Prince chanced to remark, as

*Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III. Personal Reminiscences of the Man and the Emperor. By the late Baron d'Ambès. Edited and translated by A. R. Allinson, M.A. In two volumes. With illustrations from the collection of A. M. Broadley. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

they strolled past a bank of hortensias, "I love the flowers beyond measure. They have about them something royal." "Imperial," d'Ambès put in softly.

Louis's belief in his own destiny, however, did not prevent his frequent use of clever tricks. It is difficult to generalize with regard to this puzzling and contradictory character, but it may safely be said that at least during the early part of his career he was a consummately skilful demagogue. His "police de poche,"—the little notebook full of data with regard to the local dignitaries he was to meet on his popular tours, to be used in charming them by showing them how famous they were and by his sympathetic interest in their personal affairs,—won him thousands of votes. But there is no question that Louis had a good heart and a brain fertile in expedients for making the lot of the common people easier. Mr. F. A. Simpson's luminous work on "The Rise of Louis Napoleon" gave us the completest study in English of his early labors in this direction, and the Baron d'Ambès touches lovingly on various evidences of a thought for the comfort of the many which could not always have been selfishly prompted. Defeated, broken, and dying at Chislehurst, he yet busied himself with plans for utilizing the heat from the lower floors of the great European tenement houses — the floors occupied by the wealthy — to warm the rooms above where the poorer families lived.

The Empress does not appear to great advantage in these pages. D'Ambès stamps as calumnies the attacks upon her character which were made before her marriage, but he is sure that notwithstanding her charms and her family's enterprise she would never have been Empress if Napoleon had not been refused beforehand by half the royal princesses of Europe; and he ascribes the larger part of the blame for the successive acts of interference in foreign affairs, which pushed Napoleon and the Empire further and further toward the edge of the precipice, to her bigoted Catholicism and her meddling vanity. "L'Empire, c'est la paix," it is true, but how much of a safeguard is that, when "L'Impératrice, c'est la guerre"?

The last fifty pages of the book, those dealing with the Prussian War and the fall of the Empire, are of thrilling and poignant interest. D'Ambès saw the end long before it came, and he had taken Bismarck's measure the moment that man of blood and iron appeared above the horizon. "It is often a great help to matters for a statesman" (this was written in January, 1870) "to possess qualities the most widely at variance with the temperament of the nation that he governs." Was not that the secret of Bismarck's power and success? Was he not the most violent and independent of men, working with the most quiet and docile of national material? Bismarck could never have done his work with Frenchmen, or even with Englishmen; Prussia would have been long in taking the first rank among nations without Bismarck. Such flashes of insight as this redeem many pages of purposeless detail or frivolity.

Napoleon is not even distantly related to many sections of the diary. "There is a man Zola who has taken up Manet's defense." "Everybody is reading and talking over Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. It is a gigantic success." "Scribe is not dead. He lives again in M. Victorien Sardou. . . . This Sardou is only thirty, and bids fair to command success." Such are some of the entries. Extending from 1838 to 1873, the notes touch the fascinating social and intellectual life of Paris at a thousand different points. The Baron was still alive to write an introduction to the present work in July, 1898. It is a pity that he did not continue his memoirs up to that time.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

THE HUMBLE-BEE AS A HOBBY-HORSE.*

"We gave up Euclid and the Rule of Three
And nature-studied the Bumble-Bee."—*Punch.*

The Bee has been discussed by innumerable writers for the last two thousand years and more; it is the subject of every kind of dissertation, even of numerous jokes. One of these latter, which has been a favorite with the newspapers, relates how a young person of the city, visiting in the country, observed honey upon the breakfast table. "I see you keep a bee," was the innocent remark. People who smile at this seem no less funny to the entomologist when they let the fact escape that they imagine there is only one *kind* of bee. *The* bee, so-called, is in fact only one of many thousand species, and the most learned work on honey-bees no more than introduces us to the study of bees in general. It may even be objected that such a work begins at the wrong end of the subject, and that to really understand the socialism of the higher bees we must trace its evolution from the individualism of the primitive kinds.

*THE HUMBLE-BEE. Its Life-history and How to Domesticate It. By F. W. L. Sladen. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Sladen's work, now before us, does not do this, but it does give us an excellent picture of the life and habits of the humble-bee, which in some respects stands just below the hive-bee in social rank. Mr. Sladen is a well-known expert on honey-bees, and it is from this interest that he has been led to consider bees in general, and to attempt the domestication and careful study of humble-bees. He has been abundantly repaid for his trouble, and has succeeded in describing his observations so well that many readers will share his pleasure, while some will doubtless attempt similar work of their own. The book is full of remarkable new observations, and is a "nature book" of the best type. The illustrations are original and very good, both drawings and colored plates. It is a disadvantage that the bees described are British species, all different from those found in this country; but even this is not altogether to be regretted. The general discussion will no doubt apply almost equally well on both sides of the world, while the treatment of the European kinds may serve as a model for similar work in this country, leaving the student to make his own original observations, following a carefully worked-out plan.

If any fault is found with Mr. Sladen, it will probably be on the ground that he permits himself a certain Maeterlinckian freedom of expression which will not please the modern school of experts on animal behavior. Thus he tells us how Psithyrus, the usurper-bee, invades the nest of the humble-bee, slays the proper queen, and establishing herself as the ruler of the house, has her offspring brought up by the humble-bee workers. All this is accurately described, with many new details; but we are assured that when the Psithyrus settled in the humble-bee nest, the poor humble-bee queen "was visibly depressed and ill at ease." "As time went on she grew nervous and languid, and showed increasing fear and suspicion of the unwelcome guest." Finally, on the tenth day after the first appearance of the Psithyrus, the humble-bee queen and three workers were found lying dead outside the nest. "Evidently the three workers had sacrificed their lives in a futile attempt to destroy their mother's murderess." Personally, I do not object to this sort of thing, as long as the writer is careful to describe *appearances*, and we are careful to remember that every word must not be taken literally. As a matter of fact, literature is necessarily full of expressions which, while inaccurate perhaps if judged by the actual meaning of the words, nevertheless convey a vivid idea of what really took place. It would not help us much, from any point of view, to state instead that the presence of the Psithyrus inhibited the normal activities of the humble-bee, and led to the exhibition of imperfectly coördinated motor reactions.

Wherever there are boys (young boys or old boys) who like to get the most out of nature in the long summer days, Mr. Sladen's book ought to be available. It should be put in libraries as a sort of bait for budding naturalists. Not all will bite, of course, but if one or two in a town come to admire and watch humble-bees instead of persecuting them, the thing is worth while. And who knows what ability, even genius, may somewhere be stimulated in just this way?

T. D. A. Cockerell.

A New Study of American Traits.*

When one has examined a number of books on America written by foreigners — by every manner of visitor from England and France and Germany and Italy,— and when one has turned in despair to the interpretations by our own journalists, politicians, and college professors, one is inclined to the conclusion that the Land of Opportunity has not yet been discovered. Putting our faith in minute inspection, we peer through spy-glass or microscope, but to no avail: our vision, bright for a moment, is soon blurred. Or we speed through the country on twentieth-century railway trains, in the hope that the moving picture will record the salient features of our continental nation and finally yield a faithful composite reproduction. Or we inquire whether art, that *interprete linguâ*, has not revealed the great pulsing heart of America with such coy subtlety that she has eluded all our predecessors in the quest. But to no purpose do we open our eyes, or shut them, or gaze through them half-closed; we are wellnigh as far from clear knowledge as were those first bold immigrants, Captain John Smith and William Bradford.

America, then, is yet to be discovered; and it would be too much to say that Professor Perry, the latest adventurer, has succeeded in landing on the coveted shores. Yet he is closer than all, or nearly all, who have tried before: one derives from his little book a sense of intimacy with American life and of truth of interpretation nowhere else to be had,— no other writer has

*The American Mind. By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

manifested in so great degree mellow experience and broad knowledge lightly held. The chapters (originally lectures) are graceful, thoughtful, concrete; incident, example, and apt quotation are always at hand; humor, an urbane affectionate humor, enables the writer to delight while instructing — as the sober pseudo-classicists would have put it. Fluid yet sure in thought, and constantly engaging in style, the book tempts one to read with uncritical haste; at the risk, as Emerson said of Milton's prose, that we shall become "fatigued with admiration."

Whoever would read hastily, or think hastily, should ponder long over the first of these lectures, on "Race, Nation, and Book," in which Professor Perry clears the ground with the thoroughness, and without the excessive assurance, of the American pioneer. In particular, our dogmatic foreign critics — friends or enemies, they are nearly all dogmatic — would do well to read this chapter at intervals while they travel in the United States or think us over as they lie in their deck chairs homeward bound. The dangers one encounters in generalizing about a race or a nation have often been pointed out since the pleasant days of determinism, but no one has indicated so clearly the unique insecurity in generalization concerning the American people. The second chapter, "The American Mind," is a discussion, rather briefer than one would like, of American traits,— our alertness, excitability, versatility, curiosity, over-confidence, energy, idealism, radicalism in our brains and conservatism in our blood, our individualism and our public spirit. The most valuable part of the book follows. "Humor and Satire" maintains more persuasively than has ever been maintained before the idea that American humor is hardly a thing *sui generis*, but rather the application of the common fund of humor to American conditions of life. The remaining three chapters, perhaps the most notable in the book, are devoted to "American Idealism," "Romance and Reaction," and "Individualism and Fellowship," phases of American spiritual qualities.

Spiritual qualities have often been denied us, on the assumption that the dollar and the skyscraper are the only symbols of America that must be reckoned with. Carlyle was loath to lecture in this country because he thought of it as "mainly a new Commercial England, with a fuller pantry." What more is to be expected of a huge democracy,—a "government of the worst," as it was sometimes called in Federalist days? The dispassionate critical sense of Matthew Arnold brought him to the conclusion that a great democracy is almost sure to be lacking in elevation. Emerson, looking for heroes, for surpassing fruit where the soil is so rich, found us running "to leaves, to suckers, to tendrils, to miscellany." It is still feared that democracy is a cult of incompetence, that an equalitarian social organization involves mediocrity; and it is conventional, in an increasing degree, to deplore our instinct for money-getting and our unthinking lust for "quick returns." Yet this expanding, restless, mysterious nation has really been, as Professor Perry remarks, "the home of idealism," from the beginning onward. From the day when elect Puritans enjoyed "the Rapturous prælibations of the Heavenly World" to our own day of trust in the unlimited possibilities of democracy, spiritual America has been as vivacious as material America. Among the writers of books alone, the Mathers in the seventeenth century, Edwards in the eighteenth, and Emerson in the nineteenth are nobly representative of our inner life. How pervasive idealism has been in this country no one has pointed out so fully and buoyantly as Professor Perry in these three chapters. His view is hopeful — our defects impress him but slightly — and yet is so clear-sighted that only the cynic will fail to share his hope. "Individualism and Fellowship," the closing chapter, is the most interesting in the book, opening up as it does an endless vista for our dreams and speculations. Fellowship may mean nothing better than a "Samaritan Soup and Blanket Society"; it is often narrow, fanatical, or silly; but it must not be forgotten that individualism also had absurd excesses, that it was not only an age of mighty heroes but also ". . . the age of oddities let loose." The centrifugal always fascinates. If, then, the new era of coöperation is tending, as one must think, to sentimentalism and mechanical organization rather than genuine fellowship, we have good reason to believe that we shall see another and more estimable tendency as the years go on. Perfect balance is one of the rarest of human qualities; but it is not for us to deny that the future will witness that interplay of fellowship and individualism that is now our largest hope.

NORMAN FOERSTER.

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES's poems will be published immediately in the "Oxford Poets" series. The volume contains not only the poems printed in Volumes I. and II. of the author's collected works, but others as well some now first collected or now first printed. The photogravure frontispiece is a portrait of the poet specially drawn for the book.

Mathematico-Procrustean Art.*

It is unquestionably the fact that symmetry and regularity are attributes frequently found associated with the beautiful in nature and in art. Whether such association, however, is universal and invariable is open to question. Still more debatable is the contention that such relationship is of a sort which may properly be termed causal. Are objects beautiful primarily *because* they are symmetrical and regular in their tectonic? If the reviewer correctly understands the essential argument of the somewhat obscure book called "Nature's Harmonic Unity: A Treatise on its Relation to Proportional Form," by Mr. Samuel Colman, that author intends to maintain as his primary thesis that the beautiful is necessarily geometric, and as a corollary that the geometric must perforce be beautiful. Now these contentions may be true, but the reviewer has very grave doubts about the matter. The fundamental difficulty in the case lies in what would certainly seem to be the fact, that if these ideas were true it ought to be possible for a reasonably ingenious person to invent a machine which, upon being supplied with an appropriate source of power, would proceed to turn out paintings with the appeal of the Sistine Madonna or the Night Watch, sculpture which would move mankind as does the Venus de Milo or the Winged Victory, music of the order of the Ride of the Valkyries, or poetry like Shelley's "To a Skylark." But somehow everyone knows, instinctively and surely, that this is a sheer impossibility. Harmony and symmetry all these things certainly have. But just as certainly their harmony and symmetry is not something created primarily by the application of compass and ruler, and no amount of well-printed and illustrated mathematical argumentation is ever going to convince anybody that it is. Any diligent fool can manipulate a ruler and compass to produce geometrical symmetries and harmonies; but if he supposes that by this activity solely he is going to create something which will make an enduring appeal to the æsthetic instincts of his fellow men, he has only to try it in a practical way in order to be undeceived.

The method of Mr. Colman's book is to show by the most extraordinarily complicated diagrams that a great many different objects found in nature or created by man display a more or less definite and harmonious proportionality of parts, and may be enclosed, by the exercise of some force, within triangles or pentagons or concentric circles or some other geometric figure. The examples chosen to illustrate this really profound but not altogether novel discovery are numerous and diverse. In their diversity lurks the element of deliciously unintentional humor which classifies this book with the lucubrations of other geometrical philosophers who have preceded our author. Thus we are shown (p. 112) that a peanut and the Parthenon are planned on the same "ideal angle." In the Hermes of Praxiteles and the mollusc *Haliotis* "the pentagon is strongly in evidence." And so on indefinitely: snow crystals and saint's chapels, peacocks and palaces, milkweeds and mosques, pine cones and porticos,—all these things and many more are geometrically *Procrustified* in the course of the argument. One is moved to wonder whether it might not be wise to prescribe the thorough study of the adventures of Alice as a fundamental part of all elementary mathematical training. It would certainly have the good effect, as Septimus said, of tending to "keep one human."

The artist, and particularly the architect, will certainly find this book interesting. There is a possibility that somebody may find it useful.

Raymond Pearl.

*Nature's Harmonic Unity. A Treatise on its Relation to Proportional Form. By Samuel Colman, N.A. Edited by C. Arthur Coan, LL.B. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Child and Social Reform.*

Despondency, verging upon despair, is a note that is often heard in the utterances of many of our most earnest and most intelligent students of social problems. Material prosperity we have; material

*The Conservation of the Child. By Arthur Holmes. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Delinquent Child and the Home. By Sophonisba P. Breckinridge and Edith Abbott. With an Introduction by Julia C. Lathrop. New York: Charities Publication Committee.

Progress and Uniformity in Child-Labor Legislation. A Study in Statistical Measurement. By William F. Ogburn. "Columbia University Studies." New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Child Labor in City Streets. By Edward N. Clopper, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Citizens Made and Remade. An Interpretation of the Significance and Influence of George Junior Republics. By William R. George and Lyman Beecher Stowe. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Youth and the Race. A Study in the Psychology of Adolescence. By Edgar James Swift. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Coming Generation. By William Byron Forbush. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Child in the City. A Series of Papers Presented at the Conferences Held during the Chicago Child Welfare Exhibit. Edited by Sophonisba P. Breckinridge. Illustrated. Chicago: School of Civics and Philanthropy.

Helping School Children. By Elsa Denison. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.

progress may, as far as we can see, continue into the indefinite future. But the ideal values that prosperity should embody, the values that should give real meaning to progress, appear to be wavering. Religion, personal and political integrity, family obligation, love of truth and beauty, self-control and honesty of endeavor — those ideals and abstractions which are the only contributions of the past to present welfare that are of unimpeachable worth — are apparently undergoing important structural changes. Whether these changes represent, on the whole, an advance, or whether they are signs of a degeneration which forebodes the ultimate downfall of western civilization, must be left to the constitutional optimists and pessimists to debate. Optimists and pessimists, however, must agree that our society suffers from maladies that if neglected will result in serious consequences.

We are acquainted with the social reformers who hold that nothing short of a thoroughgoing transformation of our political and economic structure can bring relief. Other reformers, not less zealous, urge that even this could do little good. Men are poor, as a rule; but, as a rule, men are inefficient, self-indulgent, envious. As long as men are what they are, the most profound changes in social structure will leave the sources of misery uncontrolled. An improved human nature is evidently what we need. To improve the nature of the adult, however, seems a task beyond the power of the social reformer. Hence his attention turns to the child, and we have a flood of books designed to force upon the citizen a realization of the necessity of the conservation of the child.

First in the order of urgency is the problem of the defective child. Among our public school children are tens of thousands who suffer from congenital defect of understanding. They block the progress of the classes, yet profit nothing themselves. There are hundreds of thousands suffering from impaired hearing or eyesight, from under-nutrition or other remediable condition which, as matters stand, assimilate them, for all practical purposes, with the congenitally defective. It is the plain duty of society to segregate from the body of normal children all those that are abnormal, to provide adequate treatment for those suffering from remediable defects, and to devise means for the training of those who are congenitally inferior. Adequate medical inspection in the schools will perform the cruder work of segregation. To draw a distinction between the children whose mental deficiency is due to causes that are removable and those who suffer from incurable mental taint is a difficult matter. The distinction must, however, be drawn; for it is obviously the duty of society to segregate, as far as possible, tainted stock, to prevent the transmission of the defect to the next generation. For this work of segregation we have need of the services of the psychologist, who can also give invaluable suggestions as to the training of those whose development has merely been retarded. Even the children who are incurably defective in mind may often be trained for useful and reasonably happy lives, provided the teacher can command the best methods that the psychological expert can devise. Students of education have long known of the wonderful work of this character carried on at the University of Pennsylvania under Professor Lightner Witmer. We have now in Mr. Arthur Holmes's "The Conservation of the Child" an account of the work of the University of Pennsylvania psychological clinic. The book is a practical guide, specially adapted to the use of investigators and teachers who wish to undertake a similar work. For such it is extremely rich in suggestions as to methods. The book contains also much that will interest the general reader who has awakened to the significance of the current eugenic movement.

Important as are the problems of checking the transmission to future generations of hereditary mental taint, and of removing physical defects which tend to retard mental development, there is a problem of even greater immediate importance: the protection of the child against the degrading influences of environment. Much of our juvenile delinquency, much of the criminality of adult life, is traceable, not to physiological or psychological causes, but to the forces for evil that bear upon the neglected child in the city. What obstacles the children of the slums must overcome if they are to reach a plane of normal living we are beginning to understand. Miss Breckinridge and Miss Abbott give us, in "The Delinquent Child and the Home," a clearer insight into the conditions of the homes that produce delinquents. The book presents, to be sure, much evidence of delinquency due to tainted heredity; but the main root of juvenile delinquency appears to be unfavorable environment, due to parental vice or ignorance, to poverty, or to the lack of adjustment to American urban conditions of a population of foreign or rural origin. The book is a general study of juvenile delinquency in Chicago, and is the most thorough and systematic study of its kind extant. It not only exhibits the causes of juvenile delinquency, but offers also abundant suggestions for practical reform. Not the least important part of the book are the appendices, containing a very competent discussion of the legal problems involved in the juvenile court, an abstract of juvenile court laws, and "family paragraphs" relating to one hundred boys and fifty girls brought before the juvenile court for delinquencies.

More potent than the disorder and neglect of the home, in producing delinquency and in arresting the physical, mental, and moral development of our children, is their economic exploitation. Child labor in the factories has for almost a century received the condemnation of all men of intelligence and public spirit. The evil is still with us. As all American students know, progress in the direction of the abolition of child labor is rendered difficult by the fact that the subject, in this country, is a matter of state legislation; and each state fears to advance too far

beyond its neighbors. We are, however, advancing; and little by little the more backward states imitate, in legislation, the measures of those bold enough to prefer the permanent welfare of their children to the transient prosperity of their industries. The present state of legislation in this field, throughout the United States, is set forth by Mr. W. F. Ogburn in his "Progress and Uniformity in Child Labor Legislation." Its somewhat forbidding style should not bar this work from the shelves of the student of the labor problem. It is a systematic study of comparative child labor legislation. The age limit of each state, the exceptions to the rules of state law, the machinery of inspection, the penalties upon infractions of the law, are here placed before the reader in easily comprehended tables. The author hopes his study will be useful to legislators. It certainly will be, if, as many believe, we are about to enter upon an era of expert legislation.

While factory exploitation of child labor has been the subject of reforming agitation for three generations, the exploitation of children in the manifold services of the city street has scarcely been noticed. We know comparatively little about the extent of employment of small children as newsboys, street vendors, bootblacks, etc. The effects of such employment upon character receive little thought from the general public who are served by these children. Mr. Edward W. Clopper, in "Child Labor in the City Streets," shows that the number of children thus employed is enormous. He also emphasizes the fact, pointed out by other social investigators, that such employment is attended by grave dangers to society. The children of the streets furnish an extraordinarily large contingent to our army of juvenile delinquents.

For the child who has gone wrong, through the fault of his guardians, or in consequence of the adverse social and economic influences to which he is exposed, there formerly appeared to be little hope. Fortunately we have learned that the reform of the juvenile delinquent is far from a hopeless task. The bad boy of our city slums can be transformed into a useful and virtuous citizen, provided he receives the proper kind of treatment. The whole world has heard of the achievements of Mr. William R. George and his Junior Republic. It cannot hear too much about this great work, and will welcome "Citizens Made and Remade," written by Mr. Lyman Beecher Stowe, upon data furnished by Mr. George.

The experience of Mr. George has given many of the suggestions for Professor Edgar J. Swift's "Youth and the Race." Professor Swift, however, is concerned primarily with the education of the normal youth. He is a follower of the school of pedagogy which sees in the life of the average person an abbreviated repetition of the life history of the race. Boyish nature, in this light, loses its inexplicable and irresponsible quality. Boyish sins are thrown back upon that modern representative of the principle of vicarious atonement, primitive man. We should recognize the atavistic character of the impulses of the child and utilize them in the great work of education.

Like Professor Swift, Dr. William B. Forbush, in "The Coming Generation," is concerned primarily with the problems of the upbringing of the normal child. If Professor Swift's interpretation of youth is essentially anthropological, that of Dr. Forbush is essentially human. Dr. Forbush loves children — boys especially. It is doubtful that he has even studied them scientifically. Possibly for this very reason, his knowledge of their nature is profound. His book should prove helpful both to parent and to teacher; it is worth anyone's while to read it. It is difficult for the social reformer to enter the kingdom of pure literature; and probably Dr. Forbush's work, in spite of its fine personal quality, must be consigned to the realm of pedagogy.

The problem of the proper care and training of our children is manifestly one of great complexity. The American public school system is, on the whole, an efficient one; the American public school teachers are as a class devoted and intelligent. The schools are not, however, performing all the work we have a right to require from them. Moreover, the services of the teachers must be supplemented by the organized activities of many other social agencies. From papers presented at the conferences held during the Chicago Child Welfare Exhibit in May, 1911, now published under the title, "The Child in the City," both the teacher and the interested layman can gain much information as to the possibilities of child welfare work. The book contains an enormous mass of information concerning actual achievements in this field in the various cities of the country. As would naturally be expected, the material composing the volume is very uneven in quality. A number of the papers, however, are of such excellence as to make the volume an important contribution to the literature of social reform.

There has probably never been a time when a larger proportion of the citizens of a state were willing to engage in the work of social amelioration than at present. Much of the social work undertaken by laymen, however, is lamentably ineffective. Who has not known of associations of public-spirited men or women, meeting regularly through months or even years, conducting an interminable correspondence, with a view to the accomplishment of some worthy but wholly trivial task? The waste of philanthropic energies in our society must be incredibly great. If these energies could be controlled, and directed to the use of our children, many of our problems would solve themselves. Miss Elsa Denison's book on "Helping School Children" is essentially a manual designed to impart the technique of organizing the scattered philanthropic forces of society and of applying them to the service of the child. The book is a marvel in its multiplicity of practical suggestions. No one to whom it is accessible will need to confess his inability to find important social service work to do.

The pessimist will urge that it is easy to suggest work for children that needs to be done,—the funda-

mental difficulty which we encounter is in finding men and women who are capable of doing the work. The truth would appear to be that we have, in our society, a host of men and women qualified by intelligence and sympathy to assist in the conservation of the child. If they are inactive, it is because the general public does not recognize the worth of the work. Values are social. If the general public regards a certain function with indifference, the individual, however pure his motives and devoted his character, must lose the faith upon which effective action depends. The books under review, and others of their kind, are helping to create general interest in the problems of child welfare, and so are establishing the new values upon which, in the last analysis, the solution of these problems must depend. ALVIN S. JOHNSON.

RECENT FICTION.*

The theme of the marital relation is one that the novelists find perennially interesting, and the complications that result from ill-assorted unions afford them endless opportunities for discussion. Writers of the older school were usually content with the development of a situation in which either husband or wife was obviously at fault. The wife was unfaithful or the husband was a brute, and he who ran might read the moral. There was always in the background, if not in the foreground, a contrasting ideal of marital felicity, which example was held up for the reproof of the offending hero or heroine. But our later novelists will have nothing so obvious, and it is their peculiar delight to devise a situation in which neither party does anything particularly wrong, and yet both are profoundly unhappy. Mr. H. G. Wells is one of the most ingenious of these expositors, and his latest novel, entitled "Marriage" *tout court*, seems to us an elaborate illustration of much ado about nothing. His Marjorie is an extremely attractive young woman with a college education and a rather distressing family. She becomes engaged to a writer who is said to be a professional humorist, which fact we must take on faith, since none of his many recorded words for a moment suggests such a thing. He is described more accurately as covering every subject which interested him "with a large enveloping shallowness." From the fate of such a union Marjorie is saved by a young student of molecular physics who drops one day upon her lawn in a wrecked airship. Trafford knows his own mind and is plain-spoken; the wooing is speedily followed by the wedding, and the skies seem unclouded. Unfortunately, Marjorie soon involves the household in unanticipated expenses, for spending is her delight, and Trafford gives her *carte blanche*, although he knows that she has no idea of the value of money. The "society" bee also gets into her bonnet, and, to meet the increased demands upon him, Trafford gives up his scientific research and takes to money-making unabashed. Synthetic rubber brings him a large fortune, and, according to all rational theories, the couple are provided with everything that makes for happiness. But instead of realizing his blessings, Trafford becomes filled with a profound disgust with his whole scheme of life, and persuades Marjorie to join with him in a mad scheme of breaking away from all its artificial entanglements. The outcome is that they close their home, place their children in the care of relatives, and set out for — of all places in the world — Labrador. There they strike into the wilderness, establish a solitary winter camp, and talk things over interminably. At this point the book ceases to be a novel at all, and becomes a philosophical discussion of the deeper meaning of life. It is all immensely clever in its introspective analysis, and the interest does not flag although the action is arrested. Trafford breaks his leg and becomes delirious, revealing himself to Marjorie in his ravings, to which she listens patiently for weeks. For example:

"I ought never to have married her — never, never! I had my task. I gave myself to her. Oh! the high immensities, the great and terrible things open to the mind of man! And we breed children and live in littered houses and play with our food and chatter, chatter, chatter. Oh, the chatter of my life! The folly! The women with their clothes. I can hear them rustle now, whiff the scent of it! The scandals — as though the things they did with themselves and each other mattered a rap; the little sham impromptu clever things, the trying to keep young — and underneath it all that continual cheating, cheating, cheating, damning struggle for money!"

Presently he recovers consciousness, but talks on in the same strain for endless pages, discussing the problems of the rational individual life and the rational organization of society. In his earlier books, Mr. Wells has suggested various nostrums for the relief of the world's imagined discontent, but he seems now to have lost faith in them, and to see no clear path through the tangle. What he does not see is that the tangle is largely of his own creation, and that reason is slowly but surely working out its triumph over unreason in the ordering of human affairs. As for Trafford and Marjorie he leaves them on their way back to civilization, with a vivid experience to remember, but with nothing definitely solved, bearing with them their unhappy temperaments, which do not promise for them any greater peace of mind in the future than in the past.

"Maarten Maartens" confesses that he owes the inspiration of "Eve" to "Effie Briest," Theodor

*MARRIAGE. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield & Co.

EVE. An Incident of Paradise Regained. By Maarten Maartens. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

PRISCILLA'S SPIES. By "G. A. Birmingham." New York: The George H. Doran Co.

THE LOST WORLD. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: The George H. Doran Co.

THE FORTUNES OF THE LANDRAYS. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

A MAN'S WORLD. By Albert Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Co.

MY LOVE AND I. By "Martin Redfield." New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE SECRET OF FRONTELLAC. By Frank K. Scribner. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Fontane's famous novel. It is an intimate story of Dutch life, full of the types of character which the author portrays with such delicate insight. It offers a variation upon the familiar "triangular" situation with which the majority of modern novels are concerned. The heroine is an imaginative creature with a passionate sense of beauty, whose upbringing has been of a nature to develop her native artistic temperament. The man whom she marries is the wrong one — a prosaic person who is a model of all the homely virtues, a well-to-do landowner and ambitious politician, but narrow in his outlook, and wholly incapable of understanding the woman to whom he is married. The man who makes her an unfaithful wife is an aviator, who achieves fame by flying from the Hook to Harwich and back, an exploit with which all Europe resounds. When the news of his death in Paris comes to her, she makes confession of her guilt, and departs with her child to seek the protection of the nuns in a near-by convent. The author describes this story as "an incident of Paradise regained," which leaves one questioning. Is it really to regain Paradise to find happiness in an illicit love and to bear all the practical consequences of such a lapse? Like most of its predecessors, this book is largely one of conversations — keen, witty, and often wise — which reveal the inmost natures of the interesting and very human group of people with which it is concerned. It comes very near to being a work of genius.

The Irish humorist who writes under the name of "G. A. Birmingham" is rapidly acquiring an enthusiastic *clientèle* of American readers. Six of his novels have now appeared in the American editions, and in the latest of these the author's powers of whimsical invention show no signs of exhaustion. The appetite for his work grows by what it feeds on, and "Priscilla's Spies" proves to be no less delightful than its predecessors. Priscilla is a refreshingly nice girl of the tom-boy variety, and the prompt way in which she enlarges the experience of her cousin, the priggish public school boy who comes to visit her in the west of Ireland, is highly diverting. Her escapades have an imaginative touch. They are chiefly concerned with running to earth two mysterious strangers — a young man and a young woman — who appear in those parts, and cruise about the islands, camping in remote places. Priscilla pretends to believe that they are German spies engaged in the nefarious task of charting the coast. In reality they are a runaway couple — a curate and his bride — escaping from the paternal wrath of the bride's father, who is the official at the head of the War Office. When the latter arrives upon the scene, the game is up, but it is too late for him to do anything but forgive. Incidentally, there is disclosed the secret of one of the islands, which the natives prevent visitors from approaching by a most ingenious and complicated system of lying. They have the best of reasons, for the island in question is the scene of a flourishing native industry of the kind which is discouraged by the revenue officers. Priscilla is a joyously original creature, and stands next in our affections to Lalage among the author's heroines. Her occasional comments upon English poetry (which she has reluctantly studied in school) furnish one of the most entertaining features of the story.

Sir Arthur Doyle's "The Lost World" is a tale of amazing adventures in South America. A basaltic plateau, near the upper course of one of the tributaries of the Amazon, has in prehistoric ages been cut off by a cataclysmic elevation from participation in the life of the rest of the continent, and upon it have been preserved down to our own days such dragons of the prime as dinosaurs, and ichthyosaurs, and plesiosaurs, and iguanodons, besides a race of ape-men not much higher than the gorilla in development. To this region a well-assorted party of four explorers make their way, and have a most exciting time of it. These fearsome beasts, hitherto known only to palæontology, are made to live and ravage before our very eyes, and the denizens of the Indian jungle are made to seem tame in comparison. The explorers barely escape with their lives, and return to London to tell their story with sensational effect, bringing with them as an exhibit a live plesiosaurus. The story is told by a newspaper reporter, who had joined the expedition to acquire merit in the eyes of a young woman named Gladys, who was to be satisfied with nothing less than a hero. When he returns, sad to relate, Gladys has well-nigh forgotten him, and found consolation in the arms of one Potts, a solicitor's clerk, who is anything but a hero. This is the only love-interest of the story, but it has enough interest of other sorts to atone for this culpable sin of omission.

Since the lamented death of Vaughan Kester, which occurred soon after the publication of his sterling novel, "The Prodigal Judge," two posthumous novels from his pen have seen the light. One of them, "The Just and the Unjust," was a poor performance, which added nothing to his reputation. The other, "The Fortunes of the Landrays," now published, is a much finer work, and approaches within measurable distance the ideal which the public delights to envisage under the style of the Great American Novel. It is a typical story of American life during the last half of the nineteenth century, not the life of the great centres of population, which gets exploited in our newspapers and other works of fiction, but the life of the small community, in which the interests and purposes of our national character are less obscured and sophisticated in their expression. The Landrays are one of the pioneer families of Benson, Ohio, and we first make their acquaintance in the year of the California gold discovery. The two brothers who represent the family, finding their fortunes somewhat decayed, join the Argonauts in their quest, taking the overland route, and become the victims of an Indian massacre. Their widows, one of whom has a son, are thus left in Benson to carry on the family tradition and sustain the family fortunes. The son, grown to manhood at the outbreak

of the Civil War, enters the army and remains in it until Appomattox puts an end to the struggle. He then goes into business, makes a failure of it, and dies, leaving a son to keep the name alive. This son, grown to manhood, and about to marry a girl whose family fortunes we have also followed for three generations, is the chief object of our interest when the story ends, or rather stops short, at the beginning of the present century. We thus have a situation not unlike that of the play called "Milestones," and a treatment which is necessarily episodic. Whatever unity the plot possesses is due to the two characters whose lives span the entire period of the narrative. These are Virginia Landray, the widow of one of the ill-fated gold-hunters, and Jake Benson, the successful lawyer and man of substance, who persistently presses his suit upon her only to be definitely rejected. When faithfulness and devotion fail to achieve their aim, he becomes unfaithful, and, having charge of her business affairs, defrauds her in a peculiarly mean and revolting way, hoping to retain a hold upon her through her poverty. The way in which the fraud is eventually disclosed illustrates one of the many ingenious devices whereby the end of this novel is linked with its beginnings. It comes through the recovery of a document entrusted by Stephen Landray to the keeping of a small boy in the camp of the gold-seekers just before they are wiped out by the Indians. This boy is rescued, grows up in the household of a Mormon elder, becomes a prosperous ranchman, and, fifty years later, accidentally learns into whose hands the document should be given. The long arm of coincidence has to be worked in many other ways also to work into one pattern the many threads of this romantic history, but the ingenuity of the author is unfailing, and he does not strain our incredulity overmuch. In observation, variety of interest, and power of characterization, this book, with its presentation of a cross-section of the American life of its period, is really a noteworthy performance.

"A Man's World," by Mr. Albert Edwards, "is the story of how I, born at the close of the Great War, lived, and of the things — commonplace and unusual — which happened to me, how they felt at the time and how I feel about them now." A book thus described does not fit easily into the conventional literary categories, and the author is quite right in his renunciation of the title of novelist, saying that the work has no unity "except the frame of mind which led me to write it, which has held me to task till now." These prefatory observations whet our expectations, for a story which should live up to the formula above given would obviously be something out of the common. It would substitute reality for artifice, sincerity for simulation, and insight for the play of superficial observation. "A Man's World" does all of this, and more, giving us in the form of autobiography a picture of everyday life which impresses the reader with its absolute honesty, and makes for the enlargement of his sympathies. It must be said also that it makes for the confusion of moral values, for it holds up "free love" as a tenable alternative to legalized marriage, and it bids us accept the metamorphosis of a foul-mouthed prostitute into a virtuous wife of high spiritual ideals. These matters are so dealt with that they do not seem to give offense when we read of them; it is only upon subsequent reflection, when we view them in the abstract, that we see them as they are. The story of the narrator's life begins in the South, and pictures his mind as it struggles to escape from the bondage of a narrow religious orthodoxy. The emancipation is fairly complete, and the boy goes to New York to earn his living. He drifts into literary hack work until his eyes give out, and then he drifts into social settlement work, in which he finds his true vocation. He becomes a sort of missionary in the Tombs, then a probation officer, and in the end a recognized authority upon penology. He comes to know thoroughly the seamy side of life, and finds a soul of good in most of the evil things that engage his attention. He elaborates no theories, but applies to each case that presents itself a broad human method of treatment which is sometimes effective, and sometimes not. He goes straight to the heart of each concrete human problem, which is better than any doctrinaire course, even if it lead to mistakes now and then. He has all the time the vision of a better social order toward which mankind is slowly groping, and is content to think that he is obscurely helping to bring about the regeneration. He wins none of the prizes which we expect to come to the heroes of our novels, and even his one radiant love affair ends in disappointment. We leave him in middle life, confused but not embittered, a man who feels that his work is done, and that it has played, in its coral-insect way, "an integral part in the increment of wisdom." In the belief that the new generation is less handicapped than the old, and that it will know better how to deal with the problems of poverty, and suffering, and crime, the narrator ends his convincing tale of a human life lived in "a man's world." We notice a few conspicuous errors that ought to be corrected, such as "Compte" for the French positivist, "Safchen" for Heine's Sefchen, and "Guiseppe," the impossible name of the old Garibaldian.

"My Love and I," by "Martin Redfield," is a discussion, in autobiographical form, of the problem dealt with by Mr. Wells in the novel previously reviewed. It has nothing of the richness of Mr. Wells's treatment, and relies more upon the conventional motives. There is another woman in the case, whom the man loves in secret, although he does not escape from the bondage that keeps him from her. He has married a girl simply because she is beautiful, and is left afterwards to make the discovery that she is hard, selfish, and mercenary. It is a common experience with men, and the present case is fairly typical. The hero is a popular novelist who prostitutes his art to meet the demands of his wife for display and social position. She, for her part, constantly wounds his susceptibilities by her inability to understand any ideal of life that is above the artificial and material plane. She fawns upon a wealthy spinster in the hope of an inherit-

ance, and secretly takes money from a former lover to gratify her mean desires and ambitions. There are many quarrels, but no domestic crash, and the other woman remains a star that dwells apart. The story has a rare degree of sincerity, which makes it more convincing than most works of fiction. Such tragedies will continue to exist as long as men take to themselves wives knowing nothing more of them than may be seen upon the surface, and the interests of society sternly demand that the obligations thus heedlessly incurred shall be kept, whatever their cost of individual suffering.

"The Secret of Frontellac," by Mr. Frank K. Scribner, is a mystery story of considerable ingenuity and picturesque in its setting. An American becomes the heir to a French chateau, and proceeds to take possession. He finds that it has been a rallying-place for the irreconcilable faction of French royalists ever since the Revolution, and he unearths documents which lead him to believe that somewhere within its precincts are hidden the treasure rifled from the royal tombs at St. Dénis at the time of the sacrilege of 1793. Searching for this treasure, the occupant becomes aware that his movements are watched, and supposes that the government is suspicious of him. Ambushes and attempted assassinations follow, and at last the treasure is unearthed in the shape of gold ingots bearing a modern date. It seems that the Bank of France has been robbed of a million francs, and that the swag has been planted in the grounds of the castle. Whereupon the American is arrested for complicity in the crime, and has a hard time proving his innocence. A little elementary science would have saved the author from endowing sulphur with the properties of phosphorus (a frequent blunder with novelists), or from having his hero nonchalantly pick up the treasure-chest, unaware that a million francs will weigh the greater part of a ton. Since the hero has inherited with the castle the guardianship of a beautiful girl, he is richly consoled in the outcome for the perils that have beset his path.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

"The King who never reigned."

Among the haps and mishaps of the luckless Bourbon family, the fate of the little Dauphin, son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, has "kept guessing" a certain number of well-meaning people, whose Legitimist devotion to the head of the family, whether on or off a throne, is little short of pathetic. Regarding the Revolution as a spasm, yielding only a reluctant and provisional assent to the eighteen years' reign of the Orleans branch as represented in Louis Philippe, looking on the present republic, in spite of its forty-one years of vigorous life, as a mistake some time to be rectified, they have lavished on "Louis XVII." a passionate devotion only equalled by the Jacobite loyalty to the Stuart Pretenders. These claimants to the English throne had, however, the enormous advantage of being always ocularly in evidence; while the name and claims of Charles Louis de Bourbon, Duke of Normandy, were assumed by half-a-dozen men at different times and places. As only one of these could be the rightful heir, the question of identity was of course vital to any successful prosecution of the cause. What became of the little prince after he was separated from his mother on July 3, 1793, and committed to the rude mercies of his jailer Simon in the Temple prison? Did he die there, as was asserted and generally believed, on the 8th of June, 1795, or was another child, already moribund, substituted for the Dauphin and the latter smuggled out of the prison, to lead a wandering and precarious life for fifty years longer, under the assumed name of Naundorf? Among the various works which have espoused and pressed the cause of Naundorf as the real Louis XVII., probably the most exhaustive in detail and energetic in spirit has been Henri Provins's "Dernier Roi Légitime de France," which has now been made available for English readers by Miss Phoebe Allen, in a volume called "The Last Legitimate King of France" (Dutton). The work is modestly described as a "compilation," based on the researches and writings of Henri Provins, Otto Friedrichs, and others. It constitutes a sustained and elaborate special plea in support of the claim that "Louis XVII. was secretly taken from the Tower in the Temple some time between the middle of October and the beginning of November, 1794, and that he left the Temple early in June, 1795; that his place in the Tower was supplied by a deaf and dumb child, who served as his substitute until probably the end of March, 1795; that the deaf-mute was in his turn exchanged for a second substitute, the moribund child whose death in the Tower and subsequent autopsy did really and truly take place." After various imprisonments and escapes, the young man emerges in Berlin in 1810 with a passport bearing the name of Naundorf. For the thirty-five years ensuing, until his death in 1845, he led the adventurous life of a Claimant. He bore certain physical marks known to have been on the person of the Dauphin, and recalled correctly various intimate details of the life in the prison which could have been known to the Dauphin only. He also possessed two documents in the handwriting of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI., which were taken by the Prussian government and never returned. It is simply amazing, the enormous mass of evidence—some of it convincing, some trivial—which has been accumulated in this volume of over four hundred pages, to prove the *parti pris*. Delia Bacon was by contrast a cold and timorous advocate of her heresy. The work is conceived in a spirit of bitterness toward all who were skeptical as to Naundorf's pretensions. As the prince's sister, the Duchess of Angoulême, and his uncles, Louis XVIII. and Charles X., could naturally never be brought to look with anything but a forbidding eye on Naundorf's appeals for recognition, the author has no good words for them; and

Louis Philippe is also castigated for his refusals to open the claimant's case when repeatedly begged to do so. Europe's interest in the "Cause," which had grown somewhat tepid, was roused to a fitful warmth by the recent appeal (1911) made to the Senate in Paris by the descendants of Naundorf for favorable consideration of their claims; and some hitherto unpublished evidence was brought to light, which is included, with all the rest, in the present work. On the whole, the book may be recommended as a spirited though one-sided representation of one of the great mysteries of history.

The "man farthest down" in Europe.

It is an amazing thing that any American, in a seven weeks' race through Europe, from Scotland to Sicily and from Sicily to Scandinavia, should discover enough that is new to serve as material for a book worth the reading. That such a book should throw light upon important problems of our own is still more amazing. The wonder of it disappears, however, upon the mention of the author's name,— for Booker T. Washington is a professional wonder-worker. What Mr. Washington set out to find was the "man farthest down" in European countries, in order to compare his position with that of the man farthest down in America, the negro. This, at any rate, was his avowed purpose; his unavowed design was to discover what hope for the future the most wretched of Europeans might justly entertain, and to bring back some of that hope to his own people. Wretchedness enough he found. He saw youths in the sulphur mines subject to a worse slavery than the negroes have ever known in America. He saw coasts that must be guarded by soldiers to keep wretched peasants from stealing the waters of the sea. He saw women serving as beasts of draught and of burden. In some of the countries visited he saw evidence of race prejudice more bitter, race oppression more cruel, than that of our own country at its worst. But everywhere, he found reason to believe, conditions are gradually improving. The man farthest down is rising. And in some cases this appears to be due to the very fact of racial oppression.

"Of the three sections of the Polish race, German, Russian and Austrian, there are two in which . . . the [Polish] people are oppressed, and one in which they seem to be, if anything, the oppressors. In Russian Poland and in German Poland the Polish are making a desperate struggle to maintain their national existence, but in these two countries the Poles are prosperous. . . . In Austrian Poland, on the contrary, where the Austrian government, in order, perhaps, to hold the political aspirations of the Ruthenians in check, has given them a free hand in the government of the province, . . . they have made less progress."

Not more than two hundred and fifty years ago so gifted a man as Holberg could believe that intelligence and political capacity are by nature denied to all but the hereditary aristocracy. There are still cultivated Englishmen who will assert that the Irish lack capacity for government; we who have been governed by them know better. The German is convinced of the political incompetence of the Poles; the Poles, of that of the Ruthenians; the Hungarians know of a certainty that the Slovaks lack civic qualities. We who have seen Germans and Poles and Ruthenians, Hungarians and Slovaks, under equal laws, and with equal opportunities, gradually transforming themselves into typical Americans, know what value to place upon Old World superstitions of congenital inferiorities and superiorities, social and racial. We have our own congenital superiorities and inferiorities — white and black. Possibly these alone of their kind are real and eternal. Even so, they need not prevent a vast improvement in the lot of the black man. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Coeur de Lion and the landscape.

Those who are interested in the psychology of authorship will not turn lightly from Miss Maude M. Holbach's "In the Footsteps of Richard Coeur de Lion" (Little, Brown, & Co.). The writer is not content with following those footsteps, biographically, to her hero's last fateful strides before Chaluz. She proceeds, in the second part of the book, to lead us through various regions once traversed by him, pointing out whatever footprints still remain — and also inviting our attention to much scenery which (like Quince's "bill of properties") but slenderly illuminates the main plot. Does the work as a whole, then, belong to the genus Travel or Popular Biography? In body, to the latter — for part one takes up two-thirds of the book; in spirit, however, chiefly to the former. Part one presents us with a scenic life of the Lion-Heart; and does so, on the whole, excellently. The writer has had a keen eye for all that is picturesque in the chronicles; and her considerable narrative and descriptive powers enable her to make effective use of what constitutes her distinctive equipment, — an extraordinary familiarity with the scenes of Richard's activities. In part two the lion, indeed, is off the stage; but the atmosphere remains the same. The author has something of Shakespeare's skill in reminding us of what has happened "behind the scene"; and when allusion to Richard fails — why, then there is Herod or Napoleon. So that in part two Richard, aided by others, illuminates the landscape; whereas in part one the landscape illuminates Richard. To be sure, towns and countrysides can throw but little light on a man's inner nature — unless he happens to be an architect or a landscape gardener. And it is unfortunate that Miss Holbach implies, in her opening chapter and elsewhere, an intention of rendering a truer picture than has yet been of Richard's personality. She adds nothing, in this respect, to accounts given in the various historical works (particularly in Kate Norgate's admirable book on the Angevins) which she quotes so liberally in her own text. Like many other makers of popular biography, she seems oblivious to the fact that nice discrimination as well as historic bent, and much logical thinking as well as whole-hearted interest, are required for the delineation of a notable individuality. Miss Holbach's

pictorial account, however, is thoroughly sincere. Indeed, her whole book rings true. It thus stands in pleasing contrast to those numerous minor works in which inadequate history appears in the service of cheap artistic effects.

Reminiscences of modern German philosophers.

It takes an heroic effort of intellectual charity to forgive Dr. G. Stanley Hall for calling his collection of studies of eminent men who appealed to his, as to so many others', interests in his pilgrimages to Germany, "The Founders of Modern Psychology" (Appleton). To the last of the group, who is properly accorded the largest space, the title rightly belongs. Wilhelm Wundt, who this year celebrated his eightieth birthday, has in his own career witnessed the emergence of a new insight into the nature of the world of mind and the methods of its pursuit, and himself played a pioneer's part in the occupation. Helmholtz was a versatile genius who solved a considerable range of problems by which the psychologist eagerly profited. Fechner has a quasi-legitimate rank as a founder; but the sketch presented—though less engaging than the slighter essay of James—shows the otherwise directed bent of his major interests. Von Hartmann, Lotze, and Zeller are rightfully claimed by philosophy and have had but a negligible influence in shaping modern psychology, though they labored in fields where a psychological harvest (or gleaning) was inevitable. But apart from Dr. Hall's title, his collection of studies deals with notable men who made notable contributions to the philosophic renaissance of the nineteenth century in Germany. They seem heroic figures, despite their proximity to our own outlook; and yet the studies carry a reminiscent air. Dr. Hall had a living acquaintance with all these men, casual in some cases, but enough to catch the direct inspiration of personal contact which attracted the scholarly-minded of his generation to the seats of learning in Germany, and kept them there long enough to catch its spirit and successfully transplant it to the new world. The studies make difficult reading, unrelieved by felicities or facilities of presentation; they often suggest the careful digest of a conscientious student, yet one keeping in mind the principles of interest that give unity of interpretation, and the critical sense that must weigh and judge as well as record the data of judgment. There is often a plethora of detail that reflects the formlessness which the younger Germans are discarding as an impediment of progress, however imposing as the baggage of learning. As a record of the contributions of a related group of scholars who made a critical epoch in the *Wissenschaft* which is our direct heritage, the volume occupies a unique place and serves a helpful purpose.

Superstitions and omens of Southern India.

Many parts of India offer a rich harvest for the anthropologist or ethnologist, and from the lower end of the peninsula Mr. Edgar Thurston has garnered an attractive bundle of sheaves, which he presents in a volume entitled "Omens and Superstitions of Southern India" (McBride, Nast & Co.). The author was formerly Superintendent of the Madras Government Museum and of the Ethnographic Survey of the Madras Presidency, and has published a number of works on kindred subjects. The present contribution contains twelve chapters, with such captions as "Snake Worship," "Charms," "Human Sacrifice," "Magic and Magicians," and "Rain-making Ceremonies." The general treatment seems to represent a compromise between the scientist and the layman, but inclining rather to the latter. The net result is a volume that does not enlarge the boundaries of science, but does treat its deliberately limited field with considerable thoroughness, while reporting much that is interesting for the general reader. As an illustration of the latter phase, we may adduce the story of the idol protected from desecration at night by a cobra. "When the doors are being shut, the snake slides in, and coils itself round the lingam. Early in the morning, when the priest opens the door, it glides away, without attempting to harm any of the large number of spectators, who never fail to assemble." More thrilling is the account, twice recorded, of the Shanan who was working on the top of a palmyra palm when a high wind broke off the stalk and he was wafted gently to the earth by a huge leaf, which acted as a natural parachute. Again, there is much suggestiveness in an instance of demon worship: the demon was an English officer, killed about a hundred years ago, and the worship "consisted in offering to his manes spirituous liquors and cheroots." Then another paragraph will send a very different current along the reader's nerves: "As recently as 1902 a European magistrate in Ganjam received a petition, asking for permission to perform a human sacrifice, which was intended to give a rich colour to the turmeric crop." And even later than this there have been unmistakable examples of the slaying of children to procure the help of some god. Exacting students will regret that Mr. Thurston has not always indicated more clearly the value he places on his authorities, although his sources of information are generally given. The author's English is simple and unstudied almost to an extreme. The volume is well printed and generally presentable.

"The long road" of evolution.

Mr. John Burroughs's new book, "Time and Change" (Houghton), is a collection of nature essays of a kind that is new, not only in Mr. Burroughs's work, but in literature. It was to be expected that Mr. Burroughs, who has more of the scientific attitude than had any of his predecessors in nature writing, would turn sooner or later to questions of geology and biology, and he has at last done so in a book that is both wise and entertaining. It is the result, as he remarks in the preface, "of the stages of brooding and thinking which I have gone through" in embracing the doctrine of evolution. Most of us accept this doctrine quite as our forebears normally

accepted the doctrines of Christianity — without question, almost without interest; and we avoid learned treatises on the subject because they are presumably dull. Mr. Burroughs's essays are in the main a visualization of evolution, an attempt to open our eyes and our minds to "Primal Energies" and "The Hazards of the Past" and all the infinitely wonderful events that took place on "The Long Road"; they are an emotional yet thoughtful inquiry into the problems of modern science — science touched with emotion. As such, they are thoroughly readable, despite the prevalence of Mr. Burroughs's inveterate weakness, repetition. "I am aware," he writes, "that there is much repetition in them"; there is indeed, and it wellnigh spoils them. The first essay is a marvel of lack of evolution in style: back and forth it runs, and across, like a dog seeking the scent. The annoyance that the reader suffers is diminished somewhat by the skilful arrangement of the essays; they become more and more specific as we go on, and the semi-narrative essays, such as "Holidays in Hawaii," afford some relief. The concluding chapter, on "The Gospel of Nature," contains so many interesting and significant remarks that one finds it difficult to forbear quotation.

A great military commander as college president.

General Sherman at the head of an academy of half a hundred undisciplined boys, and pestered with such petty administrative details as the detection and punishment of the young scapegrace who had daubed with hair-oil all the blackboards and chairs in one of the recitation rooms, presents a picture not at all familiar to those in whose imagination he is either marching victoriously through Georgia or standing shoulder to shoulder with Grant in repulsing with heavy loss the assaults of Confederate armies. Yet this is the picture of him, painted chiefly by himself, that is offered us in a noteworthy volume compiled and edited by Professor Walter L. Fleming, of the Louisiana State University, and published by the Arthur H. Clark Company of Cleveland. "General W. T. Sherman as College President" is succinctly described on its title-page as "a collection of letters, documents, and other material, chiefly from private sources, relating to the life and activities of General William Tecumseh Sherman, to the early years of Louisiana State University, and to the stirring conditions existing in the South on the eve of the Civil War; 1859–1861." Sherman applied for and obtained the position of superintendent of the State Seminary of Learning at Alexandria, upon its organization in 1859, and he entered on his new duties with the opening of the year 1860, holding also the professorship of engineering, architecture, and drawing. He remained at Alexandria, ably guiding the fortunes of what was ere long to become the State University of Louisiana until the strained relations between North and South made him feel in honor bound to relinquish his post and throw in his lot with the Union. His personal and official correspondence for those two years is now for the first time brought to light by one enjoying exceptional facilities for the collecting and editing of these interesting documents, and the volume, suitably illustrated and sufficiently annotated, forms a valuable appendix or companion piece to Sherman's "Personal Memoirs." It shows the man at a critical period of his life.

A treatise on style in musical art.

Dr. Hubert Parry's "Style in Musical Art" (Macmillan) consists of a series of lectures delivered recently at Oxford. While the volume has the necessary academic completeness, it maintains also the interest which appeals to the larger audience. Style, Dr. Parry tells us, "may be considered from as many points of view as there are causes or conditions which induce it. They interlace and mingle without necessarily disturbing or confusing one another. Some are plain and easily distinguished, and some are hard to define; some are elementary, inevitable, persistent; some are elusive and resultant. Material causes, general causes, psychological, racial, and personal causes, associations and conditions of presentment, all influence and control its variations, of which anyone with a glimmering of artistic or literary sense is conscious." This passage indicates the method of treatment. To each phase of the subject is devoted one or more lectures, and the historic or evolutionary procedure is followed in each case. From the first instinctive recognition of an element through its conscious manipulation up to its free and artistic use the unfoldment proceeds. One wonders why the treatment is not made more systematic; Dr. Parry announces the principles underlying the mass of material, but he employs these principles only in the subsidiary phases, not in the whole. This gives a somewhat encyclopædic aspect to his discussion, but the accumulation of detail is after all very well ordered. The subject of style is here treated with the consideration which its importance demands. The work is remarkably comprehensive, and indeed is authoritative in its field. The great art with which it deals is discussed not only from the side of its technique, but also from the side of its content or significance. It is a work which deserves the serious attention of all who are interested in music.

Recollections of a busy author and traveller.

A young English society woman, suddenly left a widow with two small children, pluckily determined to earn for those children the advantages that would have been theirs if their father had lived; and it was with her pen, backed by her courage and her mental resourcefulness, that she accomplished her resolve. The story of this up-hill struggle is told with briskness and vivacity in "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life" (Lane), a noteworthy piece of autobiography signed by Mrs. Alec Tweedie. In her "prologue" she refers, with a mingling of epigram and philosophy, to the discipline of misfortune. "Although I did not experience it myself," she says, "I am sure that adversity is a fine up-bringing for

youth. It makes children think, which youth nursed in luxury seldom does. Adversity only came to me in my twenties. Youth is often spent courting time, middle age in chasing time, and old age, alas! in killing time." Mrs. Tweedie's biography of her father, Dr. George Harley, and her books about Mexico and its seven-times president are well known, as also are others of the thirteen volumes she has produced in as many years. Her large output of newspaper and magazine writing in the same period was probably what chiefly paid the household bills, though it will be sooner forgotten. Her account of her various travels in quest of book-material, of the hardships and bodily dangers she has faced, of the illustrious persons she has met, and a great variety of other matters such as a bright and observant woman knows how to make the most of in a narrative of the kind she has so entertainingly written, will be greatly enjoyed by those who like to read of real life strenuously lived by energetic people.

Washington and Lincoln as related leaders.

In his volume entitled "Washington and Lincoln" (Putnam), Mr. Robert W. McLaughlin attempts a rather unusual task. Inasmuch as the names of Washington and Lincoln are generally coupled as the two greatest of our history, it has seemed to the author that the relation of these two leaders in governmental action and theory should be traced. He assumes a general conviction, "which deepens with the years, that the two 'Fathers' mastered the ideas that constitute the basis of our national structure," and he endeavors to show that the two men acted on the same great principles of government, — the "imperial ideal" with power lodged at the centre distinct from and in addition to power in the parts. Both the aristocrat and the democrat subscribed to the political creed that power as expressed in law is derived from the people, "yet the words did not mean exactly the same to each. Washington saw the people in the law; Lincoln saw the law in the people." Mr. McLaughlin traces the course of our political development, from the English attempt at parliamentary control in 1765 through the revolutionary era, the constitutional era, the national era, and the civil war era, to show Washington's theory of government and his influence upon the course of affairs, and then Lincoln's, and to show that the abuse of its power by the controlling group called both to leadership for the correction of these abuses. The attempt is interesting, but hardly convincing in the matter of establishing the close relation in ideas that he sees between the two leaders.

Memorials of Dante in modern Florence.

Dante lovers have long felt and deplored the absence in Florence of nearly all traces of the great poet whose birthplace it was more than six hundred years ago. The house in which he was born, the stone on the spot where he was supposed to have sat as a boy to watch the Duomo a-building, the battered portrait on the Bargello wall, — these have seemed almost his only remaining memorials in the modern city. In a book entitled "With Dante in Modern Florence" (Dutton), Miss Mary E. Lacy has recorded and described whatever now remains to throw light on the "Divina Commedia" or its author. With its help, the reader or tourist may reconstruct in great measure the Florence in which Dante lived until, under sentence of death, he became an exile for twenty years. The picture of those times, in politics, in art, in society, and religion, is briefly but vividly drawn; and the twenty-eight illustrations, though mostly modern, help to connect present and past. A concluding chapter, "Florence Repentant," relates how — all too late — the city that the poet so passionately loved has done and continues to do all that is in her power to wipe out the shame of centuries.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson has translated M. Anatole France's ironic masterpiece "La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," and the work is published by John Lane Co. in their library edition of the author's works. Mr. W. J. Locke contributes an introduction, which seems to afford a felicitous conjunction of wits.

A sense of filial obligation has led Miss Helen Nicolay to carry out a plan long cherished by her father of supplementing his great history of Lincoln and his times by a small and more intimate volume portraying the man as Nicolay knew him in the close association of many years. He had collected a great mass of anecdotes and incidents illustrating Lincoln's personal traits; but the work was not done, and now the daughter has fulfilled her father's unfinished task in the volume entitled "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln" (Century). No new light is thrown on Lincoln's career or character, but the work is valuable in that as far as may be it separates the man from the times and shows him as he was in his daily life and personal relations. Such chapters as those on "Lincoln's Attitude toward Money," "President Lincoln, his Wife and Children," "Daily Receptions of the Plain People," "Life at the White House," and "His Reason and his Heart" give the reader a new and clear insight into the character of Lincoln.

Miss H. A. Guerber, the author of various manuals of legends and stories, is now making her industrious way through Shakespeare, her latest production being a volume of "Stories of Shakespeare's English History Plays" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). That Shakespeare can be retold with delight and edification, Charles Lamb proved once for all; and though one hesitates to commend this method of making the dramatist's acquaintance, doubtless there are times when a short cut may serve a useful purpose. There may be readers, too, who cannot relish such language, for example, as that of the angry Douglas, seeking out the king among those who are furnished like him, — "I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece!" — but would really prefer to be told that "Douglas hastens away, vowing he will kill all the kings on the battle-field, since a number of knights are incased in royal armor." For all such, Miss Guerber's book is to be commended. Its method brings out, with considerable emphasis, the instructive value of this epic cycle of plays.

Notes.

A new work by Professor Josiah Royce, entitled "The Problem of Christianity," is announced by Messrs. Macmillan for publication early next year.

A French study of Chaucer, by M. Emile Legouis, will be issued shortly by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. in an English translation made by L. Lalavoix.

Mr. Cobden-Sanderson will immediately add "The Tragedie of Anthonie and Cleopatra" and "Venus and Adonis" to his splendid Doves Press edition of Shakespeare.

"A Christmas Garland," by Mr. Max Beerbohm, to be issued shortly by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., will consist of a series of parodies of well-known authors of the day.

Charles Lamb's essay on "Old China" and Emerson's essay on "Success" will be added at once to the series of Riverside Press Editions published by Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, the young English novelist, has written a study of industrial and political conditions in Great Britain, which Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. will publish next year.

"Carmen Sylva, and Sketches from the Orient" is the title of a new book by Pierre Loti, which the Macmillan Co. will publish immediately. The translation is the work of Mr. Fred. Rothwell.

In their "Connoisseur's Library" the Messrs. Putnam will issue immediately a volume entitled "Fine Books," by Dr. Alfred W. Pollard, being a record of books valued for their printing, decoration, or illustrations.

The first issue of a new monthly art magazine, to be known as "New York Art" is soon to appear. It is said that Dr. Wilhelm R. Valentiner, curator of decorative arts in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, will be the editor of the new publication, and Mr. Frederic Fairchild Sherman will be the publisher.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has been appointed King Edward VII. Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University, with a salary of £800 yearly. The intended foundation of this professorship was announced two years ago, Sir Harold Harmsworth giving Cambridge University £20,000 for its endowment.

Homer Lea, author of "The Day of the Saxon," reviewed in our last issue, died in Los Angeles November 1, at the age of thirty-six. Besides the book above named, he was the author of "The Vermilion Pencil," a novel; "The Valor of Ignorance," a military work; "The Crimson Spider," a drama; and had in preparation a history of the political development of China.

In conjunction with the English publishers of "Everyman's Library," Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are planning the publication of a practical, comprehensive, yet concise encyclopædia, to be issued in twelve volumes of about 640 pages each, uniform in size and general style with "Everyman's." The first volume of this important work will be issued in January next, and the others at regular intervals thereafter.

The biography of George Frederick Watts, to be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, will doubtless constitute a record of an artistic and personal career of remarkable interest. The work has been prepared by Mrs. G. F. Watts, and consists of three volumes. Of these the first two include the biography proper, the last containing various writings and hitherto unpublished notes by G. F. Watts on artistic subjects.

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 132 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Mark Twain: A Biography. The Personal and Literary Life of Samuel Langhorne Clemens. By Albert Bigelow Paine. In 3 volumes; illustrated in photogravure, etc., 8vo. "Library Edition." Harper Brothers. $6. net.

Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life. By Mrs. Alec. Tweedie. Illustrated, 8vo, 367 pages. John Lane Co. $4. net.

The Life of Michael Angelo. By Romain Rolland; translated from the French by Frederic Lees. Illustrated, 8vo, 208 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2. net.

The Minority of Henry the Third. By Kate Norgate. Large 8vo, 307 pages. Macmillan Co. $2.75 net.

William Sharp (Fiona Macleod): A Memoir. Compiled by his wife, Elizabeth A. Sharp. In 2 volumes, 12mo. "Uniform Edition." Duffield & Co. Each $1.50 net.

Personal Recollections of the War of the Rebellion: Addresses delivered before the Commandery of the State of New York. Edited by A. Noel Blakeman. Fourth Series. With photogravure portrait, large 8vo, 380 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Mémoire de Marie Caroline Reine de Naples. Par R. M. Johnston. 8vo. 340 pages. Cambridge: Harvard University.

HISTORY.

Readings in American Constitutional History, 1776-1876. Edited by Allen Johnson. Large 8vo, 584 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem: The Record of a Brilliant Era of American Achievement. By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated, 8vo, 515 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $2. net.

Winning the Southwest: A Story of Conquest. By Glenn D. Bradley. With portraits, 12mo, 225 pages. A. C. McClurg & Co. $1. net.

A Concise History of New Mexico. By L. Bradford Prince, LL.D. Illustrated, 8vo, 272 pages. Cedar Rapids: Torch Press. $1.50 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

On Emerson, and Other Essays. By Maurice Maeterlinck; translated by Montrose J. Moses. 12mo, 232 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

Among My Books: Centenaries, Reviews, Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison. 12mo, 438 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.75 net.

At Prior Park, and Other Papers. By Austin Dobson. Illustrated, 12mo, 305 pages. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50 net.

Books and Bookmen, and Other Essays. By Ian Maclaren. 12mo, 172 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

This and That, and the Other. By Hilaire Belloc. 12mo, 351 pages. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

Change in the Village. By George Bourne. 12mo, 309 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.35 net.

Thy Rod and Thy Staff. By Arthur Christopher Benson. 12mo, 300 pages. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

Roses of Paestum. By Edward McCurdy. Revised, with additions, and printed on Van Gelder handmade paper. 12mo. Thomas B. Mosher. $2. net.

Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker: A Collection of the More Important and Interesting Passages in His Non-Political Writings, Speeches, and Addresses, 1879-1912. Selected and arranged by Wilfrid M. Short. With portrait, large 8vo, 552 pages. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50 net.

Amphora: A Collection of Prose and Verse Chosen by the Editor of "The Bibelot." 12mo, 190 pages. Thomas B. Mosher. $1.75 net.

Vistas: The Gypsy Christ and Other Prose Imaginings by William Sharp. Selected and arranged by Mrs. William Sharp. 12mo, 484 pages. Volume V. of "Uniform Edition." Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.

Wordsworth: Poet of Nature and Poet of Man. By E. Hershey Sneath, Ph.D. 8vo, 320 pages. Ginn & Co. $2.

Americana and Others. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D. 12mo, 298 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.10 net.

The Message of Robert Browning. By A. Austin Foster, M.A. 8vo, 242 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

A Tramp's Sketches. By Stephen Graham. With frontispiece, 8vo, 339 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

Intimations of Immortality in the Sonnets of Shakespeare. By George Herbert Palmer. 12mo, 57 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cts. net.

Gleams: A Fragmentary Interpretation of Man and His World. By Edwin Bjorkman. 12mo, 93 pages. Mitchell Kennerley. 75 cts. net.

The Book of the Serpent. By Katherine Howard. 12mo, 53 pages. Sherman, French & Co. $1. net.

An Original Canto of Spenser. Designed as Part of his Fairy Queen, but never printed. Now Made Publick, by Nestor Ironside, Esq. 12mo, 30 pages. New York City: Arthur H. Nason.

Coriolanus: The British Academy Second Annual Shakespeare Lecture. By A. C. Bradley. 8vo, 19 pages. Oxford University Press. Paper, 25 cts.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Loeb Classical Library. Edited by T. E. Page and W. H. D. Rouse. First volumes: Euripides, with an English translation by Arthur S. Way, 2 vols.; Philostratus, the Life of Apollonius of Tyana, with an English translation by F. C. Conybeare, 2 vols.; Terence, with an English translation by John Sargeaunt, 2 vols.; Propertius, with an English translation by H. E. Butler. 12mo. Macmillan Co. Per volume, $1.50 net.

The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, including Poems and Versions of Poems now Published for the First Time. Edited, with textual and bibliographical notes, by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. In 2 volumes; with photogravure portrait, 8vo. Oxford University Press. $5.25 net.

Romance, Vision, and Satire: English Alliterative Poems of the Fourteenth Century. Newly rendered in the original metres by Jessie L. Weston. 12mo, 337 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

First-Folio Shakespeare. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. New volumes: Henry VI. (three parts in three volumes); Henry VIII.; Venus and Adonis; Lucrece; Sonnets and Minor Poems. Each with photogravure frontispiece, 16mo. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. Per set, $30.; per volume, 75 cts.

DRAMA AND VERSE.

The Home Book of Verse: American and English, 1580-1912. With an Appendix Containing a Few Well-Known Poems in Other Languages. Selected and arranged by Burton Egbert Stevenson. 8vo, 3742 pages. Henry Holt & Co. $7.50 net.

The Green Helmet, and Other Poems. By William Butler Yeats. 12mo, 91 pages. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

Poems and Ballads. By Hermann Hagedorn. 12mo, 134 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

The Poet, the Fool, and the Faeries. By Madison Cawein. 12mo, 258 pages. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.

A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass. By Amy Lowell. 12mo, 139 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The Wind on the Heath: Ballads and Lyrics. By May Byron. 12mo, 139 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1. net.

The Lure of the Sea. By J. E. Patterson. 8vo, 102 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

The Roadside Fire. By Amelia Josephine Burr. 12mo, 111 pages. George H. Doran Co. $1. net.

The Unconquered Air, and Other Poems. By Florence Earle Coates. 12mo, 112 pages. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Women for Votes. By Elizabeth Hughes. 12mo, 97 pages. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1. net.

In Other Words. By Franklin P. Adams. 12mo, 151 pages. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1. net.

Spring in Tuscany, and Other Lyrics. By various writers. 16mo. Thomas B. Mosher. 50 cts. net.

FICTION.

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